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A Plea for Catholic Social Action.

CATHOLIC preachers, lecturers, and writers have recently displayed an increased activity in exposing the fallacies of Socialism. Such controversy has its uses, and the increase of Socialism, especially in the north of England, no doubt calls for destructive criticism on the part of those who are capable of supplying it. Yet this criticism is not without its difficulties. It demands extreme caution and a wide range of knowledge. Mistakes (even in detail), exaggerations, or misrepresentations are apt to discredit the whole subject in the eyes of those who think they know better. Moreover, our sources of information are not always reliable;—or, if reliable, they may refer to conditions which prevail elsewhere, or to systems which no longer find supporters. And even when our refutation is unanswerable, more than half our work remains to be done. We have silenced, but we have not convinced. Catholics who are really bitten with Socialism (and their number is increasing) are apt to turn restive at merely negative criticism, unsupported by any attempts at positive construction.

Do we, then, deprecate an interest in social study on the part of the Catholic clergy and laity? On the contrary, we regard it as an imperative need. We are convinced that a deeper realization of the issues at stake, and a more sympathetic study of the difficulties and the aspirations of the working classes is a positive duty at the present time. Such realization and such study would have the effect of rousing us up to something more than philippics. The best argument against Socialism would be the substitution of a better scheme in its place. Until we can show men that we are ready to suggest remedies of our own, they will listen with impatience to our criticism of remedies suggested by others.

This, of course, means study and effort. The Catholic Church does not give us a ready-made economic programme

any more than she gives us a political badge. She gives us something better, namely, the principles which must guide all successful efforts to promote a healthy natural life. But these principles, as Leo XIII. was constantly pointing out, need to be applied by Catholics in their respective countries. We have got to think out and work out a practical application of them suited to local requirements.

It was, we believe, Canon Scott Holland who, on the appearance of one of the great social Encyclicals, criticized it as being unspecified and general. The critic seemed to forget that the Holy Father was legislating for the whole world. Detailed suggestions were impossible. Methods which would suit one country would be impracticable in another. What the Encyclical did give us was guiding principles. We have to study their application for ourselves. Unless this is done, a wilderness of Encyclicals will not mend matters.

Of the value of such principles there can be little doubt. They are the condition of really permanent and effective work. It is our possession of them that gives us an enormous advantage over other social reformers whose actual programmes may leave little to be desired. For their best work is often vitiated precisely by the absence of an ideal. In trying to meet specific social wants they leave out of account the most fundamental need of all.

It takes a soul
To move a body. It takes a high-souled man
To move the masses even to a cleaner sty.
... It takes the ideal to blow an inch aside
The dust of the actual.

It is the old paradox of pleasure over again. Pursue pleasure directly, and it eludes you. If men limit their horizons to merely material improvement, they will fail to secure even that at which they aim. Endeavours to raise the standard of comfort at the expense of spiritual ideals will fail to make of the citizen even a contented pig. For contentment, after all, is a matter of character rather than of surroundings. Some few wise men, even in the ranks of the non-Catholic social workers, have come to see that what rich and poor alike need is chiefly a "background to life"—a spiritual ideal which may elevate them above the sordid round of pains that dishearten, and of pleasures that pall. As long as the world is meaningless, life in it will be supremely depressing. And the philanthropist will scarcely be

able to provide for others what he cannot find for himself. This point has been well brought out by Mr. Mallock in his novel, *The Individualist*:

If the most favourable conditions of life do not bring happiness to the individual man possessing them, he can no more expect them to bring happiness to others than a man can expect, if his best claret is corked, to make it a sound wine by distributing it among his poor relations. If this life . . . is the "be-all and the end-all" of existence, in all my best work for the poor I am but playing the part of a steward to the sea-sick passengers on a ship which is inevitably doomed to founder.¹

Now the Catholic Church does speak with no uncertain voice of man's mission and destiny, and she has in consequence the power to co-ordinate and explain all his strivings after well-being. At every period in her history she has strengthened and refreshed the human spirit. To keep Mr. Mallock's similes, she has given her best wine to the poor, knowing it to be unspoiled, and she has tended the passengers on her ship that is doomed never to founder. States have persecuted her, but they owe her their very existence. She has been attacked in the name of liberty, yet again and again she has vindicated civil liberty against autocracy. The German persecutors at the time of the *Culturkampf* called the Catholics *Reichsfeinde*—enemies of the Empire. Yet it is the Catholics who have saved the German Empire from Socialism. Just so, centuries before, Tacitus had spoken of the Christians as "the enemies of the human race." The new sect was taunted with incivism—with a refusal to take their share in public life. A grim jest, this, on the lips of their persecutors! Yet Catholic apologists had always been able to show that the faithful, even when hindered from political rule, had been a valuable asset to the Roman Empire. Tertullian, following a line of apologetics already suggested by Melito, pointed out that Christianity had been a blessing to the reigns of all the better Emperors.

Pietas ad omnia utilis est, as St. Paul had written long before. The Church made men the best citizens in this life, as well as heirs of a life to come. Christian men of letters in those early days, who had been converts from Platonism (and there were many such), must often have been reminded of certain glowing passages in the *Republic*, where the Master dwells

¹ P. 88.

lovingly on the spirit of detachment, the "otherworldliness" which is the only nursery for statesmen. Yet such a spirit, as Aristotle saw, could never be fostered by Plato's combination of philosophical education and communism. The former would make dreamers, the latter would engender but a "watery friendship." The Church had a better way, both intellectual and moral, for training citizens. For Plato's eternal ideas she substituted her dogma; for his communism she substituted the communion of saints. She came too late to save the Roman Empire, but she built up modern Europe from its ruins.

Hence the "otherworldliness" with which Catholics are still sometimes reproached is in reality the clue to the solution of many problems. But "otherworldliness" does not mean apathy: and that the Catholics of this country are, in the main, apathetic in the matter of social reform is a statement which has been deliberately made by many of those who are in a position to know,—both within and without the Church. If it be true, then our responsibility is serious indeed. It is bad enough that men who have no solution of their own to offer should selfishly refuse to co-operate in the efforts made by others. It is intolerable that those who claim the possession of a remedy should inertly refuse to apply it.

We have, of course, a consoling array of institutions which are doing what may be called social work of the very best kind. A glance at the *Handbook of Catholic Charitable and Social Works*, published by the Catholic Truth Society, will make this evident. The labours of our good nuns are, in particular, beyond all praise. The Society of St. Vincent de Paul, too, has an active membership of nearly three thousand in the country, and other societies are supported with a certain amount of vigour. But even making all allowance for the undue proportion among us of the very poor, it remains true to say that we are, in the main, apathetic in the matter of social work. Mr. Charles Russell has lately pointed this out in the case of London Catholics, and much of what he says is applicable elsewhere.

We are not thinking of monetary contributions so much as of social study and of personal service. We may indicate in particular three pressing needs, as to the supplying of which we hope to offer some brief suggestions, reserving a more detailed treatment for future articles.

In the first place we need experts. There are among us

University men, lawyers, publicists, and others, whose education has fitted them to approach the study of social problems. We have priests no less well equipped in theoretical and practical knowledge. With organized collaboration these could, in time, create a sound social literature which should apply Catholic principles to modern conditions in the manner indicated above. The late Mr. Charles Devas, shortly before his lamented death, expressed to the present writer the hope that something of this kind might be done without delay. Much help might be gained from a study of similar institutions conducted by Catholic experts in Germany. What we want is a kind of "Social Bureau,"—a Catholic counterpart of the "British Institute of Social Service," able to command the best advice, and ready to foster local enterprize throughout the country.¹ Working under episcopal sanction such a body might give us a social programme and enable us to take our part in movements of national interest—anti-sweating leagues, housing reforms, temperance efforts, and the like. At present Catholic expert advice is seldom taken on such matters,—possibly because Catholic experts are not forthcoming.

A second need is that of more or less organized study of social questions in our educational institutions. Pope Leo XIII. strongly urged upon ecclesiastical seminaries the study of such matters, and especially of the "social" Encyclicals. The bigger boys in our colleges might also be given at least the outlines of Catholic teaching on the subject, and, still better, might be given an interest in such matters which would bear fruit when they left school. In this way we should have an increased number of Catholic laymen alive to the opportunities of good afforded by civic action, by representation on public boards, and the like. In particular we would recommend the formation of more or less informal groups, or *Cercles d'Etudes* of friends meeting together from time to time to discuss social topics, read papers, debate, listen to lectures, and so forth. These are found particularly stimulating to older boys in schools, but they may equally well be formed by a group of neighbours in town or country. They are capable of an endless variety of forms, according as circumstances may suggest.

Thirdly,—and a matter of no less importance,—we need to organize (or reorganize) workmen's clubs in such a manner as

¹ The new *Catholic Women's League* promises to do valuable work in this direction.

to produce a generation of Catholic working-men who shall be thoroughly competent to hold their own in workshop or factory, mechanics' institute or public meeting, with their Socialistic companions. Catholic clubs, instead of being (as they sometimes tend to be) mere places of amusement where young men loaf and old men vegetate, should, we submit, become the training-ground of Catholic labour leaders and speakers. The men should be systematically trained by means of lectures, debates, personal advice, and the like, to become centres of influence in their district. We should like to see our educated Catholic laity helping in this work. A busy professional man may not see his way to "entertaining" the members of a club where nothing is done except card-playing and beer-drinking. But he will be more ready to help if he knows that a body of intelligent workmen are keen to learn from him something that may help them to be more useful members of society. That the workmen themselves will welcome such a transformation of their clubs if it be discreetly effected, we take for granted. The sense of power gained, of self-improvement effected, will undoubtedly attract them. This we have ourselves witnessed, for a certain number of such clubs fortunately exist, for example in Liverpool. If Socialist workmen find such occupation interesting, Catholic workmen, with their more satisfying ideals, will become no less attracted. And the more Catholic spirit there is in a parish, the more successful such a club will be, provided that the need has been brought home to the consciences of the men. In this connection the value of the "houses of retreat," which it is proposed to erect for workmen, gains a fresh light. Such retreats would certainly foster an enthusiasm and apostolic zeal which would find a natural expression in the type of club we are endeavouring to describe. It must be remembered that in these days the workman can be reached by the workman, and not otherwise. Hence, we must form a Catholic *élite* among the workmen themselves. Here, again, Germany has much to teach us.

In fine, the day would seem to have come for a systematic and united attempt to impress upon the national mind the fact that the Catholic Church must not be left out of account in the social problems which the nation is called upon to face. Never were the times more opportune for such a manifesto on the subject. With the disappearance of the old social and political landmarks, many are looking to Catholicism to give the country

her bearings. The relation of Christianity to the new democracy is a matter which is being eagerly debated in Universities, at public meetings and private gatherings, and in the press. One conclusion seems to emerge from the discussion, namely that whereas the working classes are in the main distrustful of the Churches, which they regard as the elaborate proofs of a class-interest, they respond readily to the message of the Gospels, and have by no means assumed *as yet* a deliberate theory of materialism. Hence they would seem to be particularly susceptible to the advances of a Church which has ever claimed to be, in a special way, the Church of the poor; provided, indeed, that the message of that Church be not rendered obscure by the selfishness and apathy of the Catholics they see around them. To cultivate such a "social" spirit would in no way prejudice the necessary work which has to be done among our own people. On the contrary, it would give us a more adequate idea of the cause which we represent. We should become more Catholic and less parochial, which does not mean that we should be less worthy members or less devoted helpers in our respective parishes. Our social work, if we are of true stuff, will give us a higher idea of the supernatural. We shall see Christ in the poor and oppressed, and we shall never be tempted to make material well-being an end in itself.

It is eminently desirable, then, that the Catholics of this country should realize the possibilities of organized social action even in the face of discouragement and opposition. To this end a little history may prove stimulating. For history tells us that Catholicism has often done its work of regeneration in the teeth of bitter opposition. A survey of Catholic social effort in Germany or Belgium may do much to encourage us. We are far too apt to forecast probabilities and balance forces in a mechanical or fatalistic spirit. Goliath is large of frame and thick of skull, and our pebbles seem ridiculously inadequate. And so we shall be disheartened unless we lift up our eyes to the trophies which deck the venerable walls of the Catholic Church.

The English Catholic Calendar since the Reformation.

PART I.

SOMETHING more than fifteen years ago the late Father John Morris, S.J., whose name was at that period very familiar to readers of THE MONTH, read a paper before the Society of Antiquaries upon "the Kalendar and Rite used by the Catholics since the time of Elizabeth." This paper was in due course printed in *Archaeologia*, vol. lii., but being thus buried in the transactions of a learned Society it can hardly be said to have become accessible to the general public. Since that time, so far as I am aware, no other serious attempt has been made to discuss the interesting questions dealt with in Father Morris's essay. Let this then be my excuse for reviewing the subject in the present article. Though I have little that is material to add to the conclusions so ably set out in the paper referred to, there are certain gleanings of odds and ends which may still be gathered up, and it seems in any case desirable that the severe disciplinary *régime* to which our fathers in the faith submitted so uncomplainingly for two centuries should not pass out of recollection.

There can be little doubt that one of the natural effects of the brief recrudescence of Catholicism during the reign of Mary must have been to persuade the adherents of the old order of things that what had happened once might happen a second time. With Mary's accession the overthrown altars had been set up once more, church ornaments had been brought from their hiding places or purchased afresh, the old service books, missal and breviary, manual and *horae*, had been reprinted in profusion, while the feasts and fasts had been reinstated practically upon the same footing which they had enjoyed in Henry VIII.'s Catholic days while he was still the loyal son of the Holy See. Small wonder then if the Catholic minority which survived under Elizabeth continued down to

the accession of her successor to cherish dreams of another turn of Fortune's wheel which might place them again in the ascendant. For this and other reasons they clung for the most part to the gradually fading traditions of the past. The note of fond regret which is so conspicuous in the anonymous compiler of "the Rites of Durham" was, I think, characteristic of most of those who held the same religious opinions. The faint-hearted may have grown slack in observance under stress of persecution, but the tendency of the more earnest was to look backward to the old time, and to be better content with observances for which English antiquity could be pleaded than with newly-imposed Roman instructions which were communicated through the exiles abroad. However this may be, there can in any case be no doubt that in gradually settling down to such practice of their religion as their condition under the penal laws rendered possible, English Catholics kept a very regarding eye upon the usages which had been familiar to their countrymen of old time.

Probably the earliest document which we possess upon this subject is Father Parsons' account, preserved by Father Grene in one of his MSS. now at Stonyhurst, of a conference in the year 1580, when Fathers Parsons and Campion met for consultation "certain of the graver priests then remaining in London with divers principal laymen" at a little house in Southwark. The whole account is very long, but the conclusions finally arrived at with regard to fasting are summarized as follows :

The best resolution seemed to be, and most conformable to piety, reason and union, that nothing should be altered in matter of fastings from the old customs : but in what shire soever of England (for all had not one custom but the church of York some, and Canterbury and London others) the Catholics could remember that the Fridays or any other days or vigils were fasted, the same to be kept and continued now, and the priests always to be the first and most forward to put it in execution ; but where such knowledge and remembrance could not be had, then men not to be bound to fast, but yet commended that they would : and this was so much as then seemed necessary to be spoken by way of counsel only, and not of commandment or authority, for direction of priests, for keeping of unity, until God should open the door for further determination by way of authority.¹

¹ Quoted by Father Morris, *Archaeologia*, lii. p. 121. This is taken from Father Parsons' fragmentary Life of Campion. Another account of the same conference has been given by Father Parsons at length in his *Domesticall Difficulties*. See the Catholic Record Society Publications, vol. ii. pp. 176, 177, and cf. vol. iv. pp. 107-109. The main cause of the discussion seems to have been the eccentric opinion of another

A very curious survival of this ruling seems to be preserved in certain English devotional works published nearly two hundred years afterwards. One of the days which must then have come up as a subject of discussion was April 25, St. Mark's day, a feast which from time immemorial had been kept holy in Rome by a penitential procession and litany, no doubt replacing the pagan *Robigalia*. This observance had spread throughout the Church, and was in many localities marked by a fast or abstinence. As the days of the other apostles and evangelists had their fasts on the preceding vigils, this peculiarity gave rise to a "by-word," so we are told, that "St. Marke carrieth his fast upon his backe, which can be verified by no other feast but that only, for the vigils of other saints doe commonly goe before them."¹

Now in the *Divine Office for the Use of the Laity*, a Catholic prayer-book printed in London, 1763, in a list of abstinence days, we meet the entry:

"St. Mark's day, *out of the diocese of Canterbury*, unless it falls in Easter week."²

Such a reference to the diocese of Canterbury in a Catholic book of devotions of Bishop Challoner's time seems not a little bewildering until one remembers the decision arrived at in 1580. The most curious feature in the case is that all the intervening Catholic calendars from 1595 to 1763 seem to set down the feast of St. Mark unequivocally as a day of abstinence, without making any exception for the diocese of Canterbury.

Taking our accessible documents as they occur in chronological order the next book to which we may turn for information is the 1595 edition of the *Manual of Prayers* seemingly printed abroad but without indication of either date or place. That it appeared in 1595 is an inference from the table of movable feasts which is stated to be "for 10 yeares next ensuing" and which begins with 1596. As we have already been speaking of fast-days I copy first the paragraphs devoted to this subject, observing that in this portion of its contents it is in entire agreement with the 1614 edition of the *Manual* which was evidently revised with particular care.

Jesuit Father, Jasper Haywood, who differed from most of his brethren in holding that many of these fasts, *e.g.*, that observed in England on all Fridays of the year, were not binding in conscience and ought to be abrogated.

¹ This is found in a curious Elizabethan booklet called *A Treatise with a Kalendar*, of which we shall shortly have much more to say.

² The same entry is also found in the *Manual of Prayers*, London, 1765.

THE FASTING-DAIES OF AL THE WHOLE YEARE.

In al the Church these fasting-daies are observed. Al the Lent except Sundaies, the Ember-daies, the Eves of Christmasse, of Whitsuntide, of the Assumption of our Lady, of Alhallowes, of al the twelve Apostles (except S. John Evangelist and S. Philip and Jacob), of the Nativity of S. John Baptist and S. Laurence.

Besides these it hath beene a devout custome in England, to fast al the Fridaies, except within the Twelve daies, and in the Easter-weeke, and also certaine other Eves of our Lady, as the Purification, Nativity and Conception; the Annuntiation eve is not fasted if it fal in Easter weeke.

The three Rogation daies, *that is*, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday before Ascention day, were fasted also; save that on Tuesday the custom alloweth to eate two meales of white-meate or fish. S. Markes-day we abstaine from flesh, if it fal not in the Easter-weeke.

There may be also some other fasting-daies, but as wel those as the manner of observing every one of these, and what tolleration hath beene in this Country, in the fasting of Lent and the quality of the bond of these fasts, it is hard to set downe by any particular person. But let every one follow the counsel of the learned, and the practise of the devout people where he liveth.¹

The reader will not fail to notice the formidable length of the list of these fasting-days, which amounted to between 90 and 100 in every year. No doubt the necessity of living among Protestants must in many individual cases have mitigated the severity of this *régime*; for it seems to have been a principle freely acted upon by lay people, though not approved by the more fervent of the clergy, that a Catholic was not bound to run the risk of awakening suspicion by fasting or by abstaining from servile work when he was under the observation of those hostile to his religion. But we soon hear complaints of growing slackness. A certain J.B., of whose little treatise we shall have more to say, is grievously distressed at the growing neglect of the old observances.

Some [he says] pleaded ignorance; some omitted them of mere negligence; some, fearing they should be accounted Papists. . . . Some, that otherwise were well willing, found it a great trouble and a matter of some difficulty in one family for some to keepe the holy daies and fasting daies and some others not. In conclusion, on the one side the Protestants rejected them as superstitious, and on the other side the Catholiks waxed cold in these devotions; and some worldly-minded men were better contented with worke-daies than holy-daies.

¹ *Manual of Godly Praiers*, both in 1595 Edition, and Rouen, 1614.

One can well understand that for Catholics who had to earn their living and in some sense compete with their Protestant neighbours, the observance of numerous holidays of obligation involving rest from servile work without on the other hand bringing with them the consolation of Mass, must have been an affliction of spirit hardly less harassing than the multitude of fasting days. It is true that the list of the former was not quite so formidable, but judged by our modern standards, it would seem a grievous hardship to busy workers who were in any way eager about their worldly affairs to be so frequently reduced to idleness. Let me copy again from the *Manual* of 1595, taking note at the same time of certain modifications in the edition of 1614.

HOLY-DAIES THROUGHOUT THE YEARE.

By the Universal Church of Christ these daies are observed either of bond of expresse law, or by general devotion.

All Sundaies, Christ-masse-day, New-yeares-day, Twelfe-day, Easter-day, and the two [three] daies following: Ascension day, Whitsunday, and the two [three] daies following: Corpus-Christi-day, daies of our Blessed Ladie, the Purification, Annunciation, Visitation,¹ Assumption, Nativitie, and Conception: Midsomer day (*i.e.* S. John Baptists-day), the principal feasts of the twelve Apostles, St. Stevens-day, St. Laurence his day, [S. Marie Magdalens day. Also the translation of S. Thomas Canterbury], Al-hallowes-day, [and Al-Soules-day at the least until of noone], and the feastes of the Invention and Exaltation of the holy Crosse, S. Marke, S. Luke, S. Michael his day in September, Innocents-day. To these in England are added Saint Thomas in Christmas, St. Gregorie, St. George, with some other which are to be learned in everie particuler dyocesse.²

The alterations made in the 1614 edition, and here indicated by square brackets, are not, it should be noticed, to be counted as strictly additions. It is a very interesting indication of the scrupulous attention paid to such matters under circumstances which might have seemed to warrant much greater laxity, to find the following note printed on the reverse of the title-page of the 1595 *Manual*.

There were forgotten in this Callender Saint Mary Magdalen's day, which is used to be kept Holy. Also the translation of Saint Thomas of Canterbury, July 7, and Al-Souls, at the least until Noone, and Good-

¹ The Visitation is omitted in the 1614 Edition.

² *Manuall of Praiers*, 1595, p. 13. The feasts in brackets are inserted in the 1614 Edition.

Friday likewise until Noone, were hallowed. The third day after Easter, and the third day after Whitsontide, were Holy-dayes by the custome of England. Neither can al be set down precisely, because customes are not certainly knowen.

This list, in its fuller form, counting in the half days,¹ Good Friday, and All Souls, gives us altogether 44 holidays of obligation, over and above the 52 Sundays. Of course, it is to be remembered that a very large number of these days were kept holy in virtue of what was practically at that time the general law of the Church. In France and in Germany, as well as at Rome itself, the holidays of obligation towards the close of the sixteenth century nowhere fell very far short of 40, and it was an equally general law that a considerable proportion of these feasts—for example, speaking broadly, all the festivals of our Lady and the Apostles—had vigils which were fast-days. At the same time it is plain, as the conclusion of the note from the 1595 *Manual* sufficiently shows, that considerable uncertainty prevailed regarding the feasts which were to be kept of precept in England. This is still further emphasized by a note in the 1614 *Manual* which runs thus :

Besides the forenamed feastes (which are all set downe in the Roman Kalendar, saving the Translation of St. Thomas of Canterbury, the 7 of July) there are many other feastes, proper to the saintes of our owne Countrie, as St. Augustine our Apostle, St. Alban, the first martyr of England, and manie other glorious Saints which are here to be celebrated. But how many of them and in what manner, is to be left to the determination of the next provincial Council in England,² as now, after the Council of Trent, we see it is used in all other Christian Countries.

Alas ! the next provincial council in England which had any sort of rightful claim to be recognized as such, was that which assembled at Oscott in 1852, under the presidency of Cardinal Wiseman. All the moot points regarding the English Calendar had been authoritatively settled long before then, and any staunch Elizabethan Catholic would have gaped with

¹ The traces of some such observance still survive in the Jesuit *Ratio Studiorum*, and probably in the time table of other theological curricula. On such a day as All Souls there is an evening lecture, but none in the morning.

² Already in 1580 at the time of the Conference there seems to have been talk of this "Catholick national council to be held in England," i.e., when the times permitted. (See Parsons' *Life of Campion* already cited, from the Stonyhurst MSS., *Collectanea P. fol.* 128.)

astonishment, had he been able to foresee the multiple relaxations which, long before that time, had been introduced and sanctioned for the benefit of his degenerate posterity.

But before we finally take leave of that Elizabethan *Manual of Praiers*, from which we have already learned so much, there remains another point, and this time one of historical importance, upon which the same booklet throws useful light. Father Morris, in his paper of fifteen or twenty years ago, professes to have been a good deal puzzled over the question as to how far the Gregorian correction of the Calendar, which came into force in 1582, affected our Catholic forefathers in England. Did they follow, in their observance of the feasts and fasts of the Church, the new reckoning introduced by Pope Gregory, or did they go on in their old ways, like their Protestant fellow-countrymen? In other words, were they making merry and keeping Easter while all those around them were still eating salt fish for the benefit of the industries of the country, as the law then required good Englishmen to do, or were the Catholics compelled by circumstances to disregard in this purely external observance the change of practice which had been adopted in most Catholic lands? Without supposing for a moment that Father Morris had not serious ground for his perplexity, it may at the same time be urged that the practical difficulties of observing a different Calendar from their Protestant neighbours and kinsfolk would have been very serious, and that we are probably justified in assuming that the Catholics in England were content for the time being to postpone any change. Such a conclusion is strongly confirmed by the language of the 1595 *Manual*, when referring to the Calendar followed abroad. Upon an early page of the little volume we are presented with "A table of the moveable feasts for ten years next ensuing." This is drawn up according to the Old Style, and we learn therefrom that Easter was kept in 1596 on April 11; in 1597 on March 27; in 1598 on April 16, etc. Then follows, upon the lower half of the same page, another table, thus headed:

A TABLE OF THE SAME FEASTS ACCORDING TO THE NEW
CALENDER.

Whereby we may easily know on what day their moveable Feasts are kepte, if we remember that they are tenne daies before us in the reckoning of the daies of the month, for that which they call the eleaventh of Februarie is our first of Februarie and such like.

The distinction here made between "they" and "us" seems to speak pretty clearly. The compiler was obviously writing in England in the year 1595, and, earnest Catholic as he was, he takes it for granted that "*their* moveable feastes," e.g., Easter day and Whitsunday as kept in Rome or in France, will not usually coincide with the days observed by the English Catholics whom he is addressing.

But even more interesting than the early editions of the *Manual* is a little tractate of slightly later date to which allusion has already more than once been made. It is called *A Treatise with a Kalendar*, and its title-page bears neither place nor year.¹ Father Morris in his essay refers to the year 1598 inscribed at the end of the Preface without suggesting any doubt of its accuracy, but the booklet, as we shall see, certainly cannot have been printed until at least five or six years later. Meanwhile it will be interesting to quote a great part of the Preface. It throws considerable light upon the serious spirit in which these matters of ritual were taken up by the missionary clergy even at a time when they carried their lives in their hands. It begins thus :

THE PREFACE.

Loving Brother : Whereas of late you signified unto me, that upon occasion of some questions that have been moved to you abroad : you desire a copy of such notes of mine, as once you had a view of, concerning the observation of certaine Holy-daies and Fasting-daies, and other Feasts in England, . . . my earnest desire is to my power to satisfy you and others in that behalfe ; and specially for that by reason of many questions that have beene asked me, and of sundry opinions of divers men (many thinges for lacke of practise by this long discontinuance being worne out of memorie), I have had great occasion by the space of these 40 yeaeres past and more, to bestowe some part of my labours in perusing such writers as have treated of these and the like matters, and in learning by enquiry of others, what the auncient customes of our Country have beene, that I might more safely give answer in this Interim to many devout persons for their better satisfaction.

¹ "A Treatise, with a Kalendar and the proofes thereof, concerning the Holy-daies and Fasting-daies in England. Printed with Licence." No place or date or author on title page. But the Preface which ends on p. 7 is signed "Your loving Brother I.B. 1598." There is much to suggest Blackwell, the arch-priest, as a likely author for such a book. He was certainly present at the Conference of 1580, but his Christian name was George, not John. Perhaps the most probable person is Dr. John Bavant. My friend Father Pollen has called my attention to the fact that Bavant must have lived on until 1606. (See Law, *Jesuits and Seculars*, p. 101, note.)

In these my labours I found the more difficulty because I lacked bookes and could heare of none that had taken in hand to write anything of this argument.

Yet to further this my purpose about the tenth yeare of our late Queene, I happily entered into conference of studies in the Country for a time with an auncient and learned Priest who had good store of Church-bookes and many others fit for that purpose, by reason he had lived in practise thereof in his benefice in Queene Maries time.

It must be perfectly clear from this reference to "the tenth yeare of the late Queene," that the date 1598 printed at the end of the address in which the words occur, is either a typographical error, or, as seems more probable, was deliberately introduced by the printer to mislead. The booklet, which is exceedingly rare—I know no other copy besides that preserved in the British Museum—was probably printed in England at one of those secret presses which every now and again were discovered and raided by the Government spies, with dire consequences to all concerned. It seems to have been a not uncommon ruse for the printers to antedate such books—a conspicuous example is the *Humble Supplication* of Father Southwell, the martyr, which we know from Father Garnet's correspondence to have been printed in 1605, though the year which is impressed on its title-page is 1595. No doubt the printers hoped that by this means any chance copy which might be discovered would not arouse suspicion to the same extent, as if it were obvious that this forbidden literature had been printed and circulated only a few months previously. But be this as it may, it is certain that J. B.'s *Treatise with a Kalendar* was compiled after 1603, for apart from the allusion to the late Queen, the author refers in another place to the great Sarum Breviary produced in 1531, and then, a few lines lower down, he chances to remark incidentally that the Breviary was printed above seventy years past. This question of date becomes especially interesting from its bearing upon such comments upon the religious tone of the Catholics in England as are expressed in the following passage:

In this businesse two speciall causes moved me afterward to commit somewhat to writing which might come to the hands of many whom I could not inform by speech.

The first cause was the grieve which I tooke, to see that so few yeares of intermission should worke so great a decay of devotion, both in the common people and others, as to neglect so many Holy-daies and Fasting-daies, which by our Constitutions Provincial we are

bounden to observe: as St. Nicholas his day; St. George his day; the two Holy Roode daies, the Wednesdaies in Easter and Whitson-weeke; Good Friday; and some charged to be rased [*i.e.* erased] out of all Church-bookes, as both the translation of St. Thomas of Canterbury, and his feast in Christen-masse. And how well the Feasts and Eves of our blessed Lady were kept, you may ghesse by the little reverence that many here have given unto her these many yeares past.

Upon these occasions about 26 yeares since, at the request of many, and by the advice of the best of experience I could meet with, I made a table of the holy-daies and fasting-daies in England,¹ and I gave Copies thereof to as many as desired them. . . .

The second cause which moved me of later years to increase my labours herein and to adde some new proofes, hath beene certaine English Kalendar and Rules annexed thereto, set out in print (but by whom I could never learne), wherein besides the diversity and great confusion amongst themselves, there are many things very prejudicial to our Provincials and to the laudable customes of our Country, which as yet are not taken away by any law or contrary commandement, but stand still in force. Whose fault soever it was, it is to be wished there were more circumspection used in divulging of such diversity of Kalendar, as do breede in the people matter of contention, scruple, and scandal, while they stood in doubt which of their bookes to follow, and hath made some to neglect all.

As might readily be inferred from the tone of the Preface from which these extracts are taken, J.B., the anonymous author of the booklet, sets about his task of inquiry with the most workmanlike thoroughness. No doubt the ground had been well prepared by the conference of 1580, for Father Parsons' various accounts of what took place there make it clear that the representative clergy and laity who then debated the question of the calendar went into very considerable detail;² but J. B. was also obviously a man who investigated things for himself and understood very well what was meant by research. He had made a careful study of the *Provincials* of Lyndwode, he was familiar with the *Rationale Divinorum Officiorum* of the Englishman, John Beleth, as well as with the printed service-books of both Canterbury and York. He had collected traditions and taken down notes from the lips of the older Marian priests, and he was not unacquainted with the writings of some foreign liturgists. It would not be possible to follow him at any length into the details of his inquiry, but it may be

¹ This would very probably have been at the time of the Conference in 1580. If so, the *Treatise with a Kalendar* must have been issued in 1606.

² See in particular the *Miscellanea* of the Catholic Record Society, vol. ii. p. 176.

interesting first of all to take note of his general conclusions, and secondly to give by way of specimen some indication of his treatment of a particular festival to which he had obviously devoted special attention.

As regards general results, J. B. was of opinion that the English Catholics of his time (1605 or 1606) were still bound to keep forty-three days in the year as holidays of obligation with the obligation of resting from servile work,¹ always of course in addition to the Sundays. His list is thus made up :

IMMOVABLE FEASTS, 34.

January	September
1 Circumcision	8 Nativity B.V.M.
6 Epiphany	14 Holy Rood Day
February	21 St. Matthew Ap.
2 Candlemas	29 St. Michael
24 St. Matthias	October
March	18 St. Luke Evang.
25 Annunciation	28 SS. Simon and Jude
April	November
23 St. George	1 "Allhallowen day"
25 St. Mark	30 St. Andrew Ap.
May	December
1 "May-day"	6 St. Nicholas
3 Invention of H. Rood	8 Conception B.V.M.
June	21 St. Thomas Ap.
24 "Midsomer day"	25 Christmas Day
29 SS. Peter and Paul	26 St. Stephen
July	27 St. John
2 Visitation B.V.M.	28 "Childermass-day"
7 Translation of S. Thomas Cant.	29 St. Thomas of Cant.
22 "Mawdlen day"	
25 St. James Ap.	
August	
10 St. Laurence	
15 Assumption B.V.M.	
24 St. Bartholomew Ap.	

MOVABLE FEASTS, 9.

Good Friday
 The three days after Easter Sunday
 Ascension Day
 The three days after Whit Sunday
 Corpus Christi

¹ The *Manual* of 1595, quoted above, adds to the list St. Gregory the Great and All Souls, but omits St. Nicholas.

In drawing up this list J. B. seems to have been guided in the main by the data furnished in the Constitutions of the Archbishops of Canterbury with Lyndwode's gloss; and upon one or two of the items a word may be said in the second part of the present paper. For the moment, however, I will content myself with a few remarks upon a feast which does not appear in Lyndwode's work, but to which J. B. gives much space and attention. The festival in question is that of the Visitation of our Lady on July 2nd, and J. B. is very positive in his assertion that it was certainly kept throughout England as a holiday before the Reformation and was consequently binding upon Catholics until it had been formally abrogated by ecclesiastical authority. Its absence from the pages of Lyndwode, he explains by the fact that its adoption in England was subsequent to any of the Constitutions upon which Lyndwode was commenting, but J. B. is satisfied that the feast was mentioned in such terms in the service-books of both Canterbury and York, that it must have been kept in both provinces as a primary feast. Thus he remarks:

For concerning the Province of Canterbury, we find in the great *Lieger Breviary*¹ of Sarum, printed A.D. 1531, in magno folio, in the Lessons of this Feast, these words: "*Festum Visitationis B. Mariæ a clero et populo devotis celebratur officiis.*" By which words it appeareth evidently to bee a perfect Holy-day according to Sarum use, which almost al the Province of Canterbury doth followe.

Then after an elaborate and somewhat prolix discussion, our rubrician turns to York and points out that a decree of the Convocation of York, "printed in 1526 and annexed to the Yorke breviary, appointed the Visitation of our Lady to be celebrated as a principal feast upon April 2nd" (not July).² I pass over J. B.'s other comments on this fact, but it is interesting to call attention to the following fragment of oral tradition.

And (as I am informed) Doctor Fisher, the Bishop of Rochester, being himself a Yorkshireman and in great authority in those days, being chaplain to the Lady Margaret, Countesse of Richmond, and mother of King Henry VII., was some great meane, upon his special

¹ A *lieger*, *legger*, or *ledger* book seems to have meant etymologically a book which lay permanently in one place; for example, the great antiphonary upon the lectern, or the later Protestant bible upon the reading-desk. Its commercial signification was a later development. Similarly, a *lieger* ambassador was a permanent or resident ambassador. Some half-dozen copies of the great Sarum "*lieger breviary*" still survive. There is one in the British Museum.

² J. B. quotes correctly. See *York Breviary* (Surtees Society). Appendix.

devotion to our Blessed Lady, to procure the sacred Convocation of Yorke to make the foresaid decree, that as it had beene many yeares before that time celebrated as a principal feast in the Province of Canterbury, from that time forward by the example of Canterbury it might be likewise celebrated in the Province of Yorke, not only as an ordinary holiday, as it was before, but also as a principal feast, that so both the Provinces of England might uniformly accord in that point, especially England being so much devoted to the honour and service of our Blessed Lady above all other nations, that it hath been commonlie called our Lady's Dowry.

I am afraid that J. B.'s enthusiastic championship of the feast of the Visitation produced at best only a temporary effect. It appears in the 1595 *Manual* as a Holiday of Obligation, but not in that of 1614. But the question of the modification of the English Calendar in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries must be left for another article.

HERBERT THURSTON.

A Pilgrim of Eternity.

IX. THE FOURTH GOSPEL.

DURING the last decade of the nineteenth century, the authorship, structure, and value of the Fourth Gospel were cardinal questions. Hardly had the century closed, when men who had been working in the material of the problem came forward, and announced their conviction that the Fourth Gospel was written by the Apostle John, and that therefore it bore direct testimony to the life and teaching of our Blessed Lord. In the year my friend resigned his Unitarian pulpit and entered a noviceship, the president of the Unitarian College at Oxford published a book rejecting Martineau's rejection of the Fourth Gospel. And among the papers of my friend, whose phases resembled those of many studious minds outside the Church, I find the same question in notes, some of which I will select and arrange as best I may.

The first is merely by way of preface. "Criticism," it runs, "in dealing with literature, is often narrowed to a matter of manuscripts and authorship, till these, with miscellaneous references to grammar, geography, and history, overwhelm the student of sacred or secular learning. The Lower, or Textual Criticism, however, has found many devoted men, who surrender almost everything to their zeal for ancient copies and verbal differences. The more attractive labour of the Higher, or Documentary Criticism, has won more notoriety, and, perhaps, more fame; and it has never lacked men zealous to be named the most advanced students of their time, though the reputation is often won by daring guesses, and is only held till another man, more ingenious and less responsible, has found Bacon's cryptograph in Shakespeare's plays, or composed some strange fantasy as that in which Babylon, Jericho, Ephraim, and many another Old Testament word are seen as changeling forms of 'Jerahmeel,' this name itself being referred to an imaginary tribe of Arabs. But everything becomes anything, when we

can resolve all opposing evidence into myth, or forgery, or the mistakes of a copyist."

"But, on the other hand," continues the passage, "true Documentary Criticism, in dealing with the authorship and structure of books, is sensitive to every gleam of literary and historical evidence, and is neither scornful of testimony nor reliant upon its own imagination. The Highest, or Expository Criticism, benefits by the positive results of the Textual and Documentary; but interpreters split the sense into its literal reference, its mystical or spiritual meaning, and its moral or ethical application, as if Criticism must work by unweaving and sorting the threads of a complete and perfect tapestry."

On the back of the paper from which I have made my copy, there are some sentences hastily scribbled in pencil. "After all," read the words, "what is song or speech but a veil woven between two souls, and curtaining the full mystery of the personal spirit it reveals? Nature, truly the garment of Deity, in that it clothes the Invisible for us, must be seen in its unity and harmony. A finite mind, dwelling on a few fragments only, will lose their significance, and seldom find more trace of the Infinite Intelligence than Dante's finger bones yield of the soul which moved them in writing his Vision. Therefore, an artist at his loom so weaves his threads that they are presented as one object, and full of meaning. Thus he imitates nature, but it is nature as a whole, and robing the Eternal.

"Yet sometimes," proceeds this rhapsody, "comes a thought that somewhere there may be a lovelier veil, falling before the Holy of Holies. In Semite shrines drooped the finest linen in symbol of purity. The Temple of the Jews had a veil woven with heaven's blue, and with royal purple, and with scarlet, like the blood in human veins. In three of the Gospels it is said to have been rent at the Crucifixion, and the *Epistle to the Hebrews* speaks of it as the Flesh of the Crucified. Wonderfully have the symbol and its meaning furnished material for the ancient legend which describes Mary as weaving a new veil for the temple when the angel announced the Incarnation of God. And we may well question whether, in all creation, the Creator could find a veil more expressive than a human being, with his sensitiveness, his heart of love and sympathy, his heroic power to uphold the right against the strong, his privilege to enter the spiritual world of thought, and all his mystic and unmeasured realms of soul. Two immortals converse through veils of

human flesh, and it does not seem beyond the love or power of God to speak His Word in such a way to us."

There is an obvious connection between these sentences and the Fourth Gospel; and I will now select three notes on St. Justin Martyr, because that Saint proved attractive to my friend, and afforded him a starting-point for his study of the Early Church. "Controversies," he writes, "I mean controversies between sincere men, become selfish and therefore vulgar, when the opponents forget, that their victory is in the crowning of the conquered. In military affairs, where strength contends with weakness, and in the moral world, when a good will battles with an evil one, it is far otherwise. But in high debate as to doctrine, there is no permanent triumph, except in the enlargement of his outlook, whose view is the narrower, and in endowing him with the knowledge he needs. The principle is as old as Justin, who wrote his first *Defence* of Christians, when Felix was prefect of Alexandria, in the very middle of the second century. To him, both the Jewish Law and the Greek Philosophy were partial revelations of the Eternal Word; and to him, the Christian Religion came for the fulfilment of those earlier movements Godward. He was born nineteen centuries ago; and yet in his approval of Greek philosophers, so far as they gradually manifested the Divine Word, he anticipates one of the noblest among modern judgments on the development of philosophy. His interpretation of Jewish history by the Christ accorded with the highest Greek wisdom, which sought explanation, not merely in origin or material or movement, but in end or purpose. And his inability to rest without God represents the Schoolmen's reference of all things to God, their Creator and Goal."

My second quotation is taken from notes which follow immediately. "It is in his *Dialogue* that Justin brings us in touch with the deepest longing of his time. At Ephesus one morning he was walking in the colonnades, when his philosopher's gown caught the attention of a Jew who had fled the revolt of his people. So the century had run but two-and-thirty years; and it was the very time when the Emperor Hadrian put to death Rabbi Akiba, who had imperilled his own structure of Rabbinical Judaism and his own name, the greatest in purely Jewish history since the fall of Jerusalem, sixty years before. For the old man had acknowledged Ben Kozibah as the Messiah, and named him Bar Kokba, Son of

a Star, in reference to Balaam's prophecy of a Star to arise out of Jacob."

"But at Ephesus," continues this note, "Justin is telling the phases of his own soul, before it was finally illumined by the Christ, in whom he recognized the Star, that truly fulfilled the ancient word. Having studied for a sufficiently long time under a Stoic, he found that he had gained no further knowledge of God, and that his master neither possessed such knowledge, nor regarded it as necessary. A peripatetic, to whom he then went, was very clever in his own opinion, but more intent upon a stipend than became a philosopher. A very famous man, who professed himself a follower of Pythagoras, and meditated much upon wisdom, seemed of great promise as a teacher; but approaching him, Justin was met by inquiries as to previous studies in music, astronomy, and geometry. Though these were held essential, as withdrawing the soul from things of sense, and fitting it to attain happiness in the vision of the Beautiful and the Good, Justin, thirsting for God, and unable to endure delay, turned to a Platonist, who taught him to contemplate the Eternal Ideas, patterns of all created things, and to hope for the aim of Plato's philosophy, the Vision of God. Then one day, as he sought a lonely place near the sea, there met him an old man, gentle and venerable, who, with clearness and certainty, spoke of the soul's nature, its life, and its power to perceive the Divine. Announcing the witness of the prophets, he urged Justin to pray that before all things the gates of light might be opened for him also, since no one could see or understand these things, except intelligence were given him by God and his Christ. Justin never saw the old man again; but his own soul was set on fire, and was now filled with love for the prophets and the friends of Christ."

For my third extract in reference to St. Justin Martyr, I have selected a note enumerating traces of the Fourth Gospel in his writings. "Were two or three of these expressions," it argues, "found in Justin, the coincidences might be due to the fashion of the hour, or to philosophy, Stoic or Alexandrian; but the instances are too numerous and concrete. Jesus Christ, alone and in a peculiar way, is declared to be God's Word, His Firstborn, and His power. He is the Word, the Son; and the Word is the Firstborn of God, and is God. In those days of the Roman Empire, and from a Virgin, he became Man according to the Father's will, and for the salvation of those who

believe Him. He was with the Father ; and by means of Him, the Word, as both Moses and Plato had said, God made the world, the cosmic order. He is the Word who became Man, according as He was made Flesh. And He was the Only-begotten to the Father of the universe, for He was born of Him in a peculiar manner, and afterwards became Man through the Virgin, as they had learned from the *Memoirs*. And from the Apostles they had also learned the manner of baptism and that connection between it and the new birth which we find in the Fourth Gospel. In describing the rite Justin quotes words which the Fourth Gospel alone records, for he declares that Christ said 'unless you are born again, you shall not enter into the kingdom of the Heavens ;' and yet it is manifest to all, adds Justin, that it is impossible for those who have been once born to enter into the wombs of those who have borne them."

I would now add two notes, which are evidently intended to illustrate the view of men who were famous in that year, 132. But the form in which I find the statements is so rough that I hardly know how to proceed. Perhaps it will be sufficient to say, the first points out that the Fourth Gospel was then recognized by Basileides, a Syrian, who was teaching a medley of fanciful doctrine at Alexandria, and who quotes explicitly from the Gospels when he appeals to the words, "He was the genuine Light, which lightens every man coming into the world." The second note is in still greater confusion, but it speaks of Papias, who in that very year was Bishop of Hierapolis, not a hundred miles east of the Ephesian colonnades, where Justin was speaking of the Word made Flesh. Papias was then writing his *Exposition of the Lord's Oracles*, which would seem to mean a commentary on the Gospels, for the "Oracles" cannot be explained as simply discourses or sayings ; and Paul applies the word to the older Scriptures, when he says the Jews were entrusted with the oracles of God. In his work, the aged bishop undertook to record what he had once learned well from such elders as taught the truth and related the commandments given from the Lord to the Faith, and coming from the Truth Itself. Eusebius, the Church historian, tells us that Papias was a hearer of John and a companion of Polycarp ; and Polycarp's disciple, Irenæus, preserves a passage of which Papias is held to be the author, and in which the words, "In my Father's house are many mansions," are quoted from the Fourth Gospel.

My friend's notes return to Ephesus, and passing by

St. Justin Martyr, move toward Smyrna, not forty miles to the north, where they find St. John's venerable disciple, St. Polycarp, and St. Irenæus, then a lad. "In later days," I read, "Irenæus will record that Polycarp had been a disciple of the Apostles, and conversed with many who had seen the Christ, and that the Apostles had appointed him Bishop in Asia, in the church in Smyrna. Irenæus will also tell how Polycarp would repeat his conversation with John and others, who had seen their Lord, and how he would relate their Lord's miracles and teaching, all in full agreement with the tradition of the Church. Polycarp's Christian experience had been long, and in this year of Justin's conversation he had, to employ the language of his martyr speech before Quadratus, served Christ for three-and-sixty years, that is, ever since the fall of Jerusalem. In his *Letter to the Philippians* we detect a reminiscence of the promise in the Fourth Gospel, that everyone who sees the Son, and believes on Him, will have eternal life, and be raised up at the last day. The Letter contains a parallel sentence, referring to a promise that the Christ will raise us from among dead men, and that we shall reign with Him, if we live worthily of Him, if we believe. It declares also that he who has charity is far from all sin, and, quoting John's *First Epistle*, proclaims as Antichrist every one who does not confess that Jesus Christ has come in flesh, and condemns as from the devil whoever does not confess the testimony of the Cross. The Letter was commended by Irenæus, quoted by Eusebius, and, according to Jerome, read publicly in the Asiatic churches. It was written to the Church of Philippi, when Ignatius had passed through that place on his way to Rome for martyrdom, having been condemned at Antioch by Trajan in the one hundred and fifteenth year of our era."

There follow some arguments to vindicate the date of the martyrdom and the value of the seven letters, written by St. Ignatius during that pilgrimage to Rome. It is acknowledged that Eusebius and St. Jerome place the event about eight years earlier. But my friend did not feel justified in accepting their testimony, for the early tradition represents Trajan as conducting the trial in Antioch. The Emperor did not reach the East till a few months before the terrible earthquake in the beginning of the year 115. His own life was hardly spared; the summit of the mountain seemed to tremble over the city, while the heathen were filled with that desire of expiation which often involved Christian martyrdoms. The ancient account of

Ignatius' trial describes the scene before Trajan, of whom it says he was then at Antioch, and hastening against Armenia and the Parthians. But it begins with a reference to Trajan's ninth year and the triumph then celebrated over Scythians and Dacians. On the surface, it does seem as if the account included the martyrdom among the events of the year 106, but it may be the author did not need to express the lapse of time between the general persecution threatened at that period, and the particular condemnation of Ignatius nine years later.

The notes then proceed to illustrate the unity, uniform texture, and authorship of the seven Ignatian letters named by Eusebius. Having discussed St. Polycarp's reference to certain of these, my friend wrote: "In that year, 115, and from Smyrna, where he met the gentle Polycarp, the impulsive Ignatius sent letters to four Churches. To the Magnesians, he declared there is one God, who has manifested Himself by means of Jesus Christ, His Son, who is His Eternal Word. To the Trallians, he spoke vehemently of Jesus Christ, who was also truly raised from dead men, His Father having raised Him, His Father, who will also in like manner raise us, who believe Him, in Christ Jesus, apart from whom we have not the genuine life. He tells the Ephesians of God in Man, genuine life in death; and there is some manuscript authority for reading the former phrase not as 'God in Man,' but as 'God become in Flesh.' To the Romans he expressed a wish for the Bread of God, which is the Flesh of the Christ, who was of David's seed; and he wished for drink, His Blood, which is Incorruptible Love. As he travelled from Smyrna to Rome, where he hoped to be proved Christ's wheat between the wild beasts' teeth, he touched at Alexandria Troas, where he wrote to the Philippians, the Smyrnæans, and Polycarp. To the first of these he not only speaks of the Spirit, who knows whence He comes, and whither He goes, but he also says, 'Holy is the Word, the Son of the Father, by means of whom the Father has made all things, and provides for the whole. He is the Way, leading to the Father, the Rock, the Hedge, the Key, the Shepherd, the Victim, the Door of Knowledge by which entered Abraham,' and many others. These expressions and others indicate an acceptance of the Fourth Gospel by him, who witnessed for his Lord in the very presence of Trajan."

"The name of Trajan," reads the next note, "connects us at once with the Apostle John, for Irenæus learned from John's

disciple, Polycarp, that John, the Lord's disciple, who leaned back on His breast, delivered the Gospel, when he was living at Ephesus, and that he remained there till the times of Trajan. Therefore, we have found the authority of the Fourth Gospel to be assumed in so many early quotations and references. And the authorship is fully witnessed by Irenæus, who was the disciple of Polycarp, the disciple of John."

From papers, which are apparently intended for a sermon on the Gospel itself, I select two, though their style is somewhat rhetorical. One of them is intended to picture the length of time over which St. John's memory could travel. "We stand then," it reads, "in Ephesus, at the end of the first century; and we can look back with the Apostle over that long life of his. Right well he could remember the Crucifixion. According to his recollection, that Friday was the fourteenth of the month; and so it must have been the thirtieth year of our reckoning. And he could remember the Fall of Jerusalem in the year 70. We might realize the length of time, at least to some extent, if to-day, at the close of the nineteenth century, we went to Leo XIII., now an old man of ninety years, and heard him describe the Revolution cloud in 1830, when he was twenty years of age, and the Fall of Rome in 1870, when he was sixty."

The other paper is an attempt to picture the delivery of the Gospel, and it begins with a quotation from the prologue, which St. Jerome wrote for his *Commentary on St. Matthew*. "John," it reads, "the Apostle and Evangelist, who alone leaned upon his Lord's breast, and alone merited to hear those words from the Cross, 'Behold thy Mother,' was battling in Asia with men, who said that the Christ had only taken phantom flesh. At the request of Bishops and Legates from many churches, and after fasting, he, steeped in revelation, broke forth into that preface, which came from Heaven. Ever have those words, with which the Gospel opens, been a wonder to the devout and thoughtful, and we can understand the readiness with which primacy has been accorded the whole volume. Origen was commenting on it before he left Alexandria in 231, just a century after Justin's conversation in Ephesus. He confessed himself emboldened to proclaim the Gospels as the first-fruit of all writings, and that according to John as the first-fruit of the Gospels; but no one, he said, could understand it who had not leaned back upon the breast of Jesus, and received Mary from Jesus, that she might become a mother to him also."

After a few lines, the manuscript continues: "Surrounded by his friends, John dictates his testimony, that Jesus is the Son of God, and that eternal life is theirs who believe in Him. But it is difficult to make this clear, for he must employ language long bent to other purposes. It may mislead to speak of God's Son to heathen Ephesians, who would only recall many an unholy passion in the fables about their gods. And on the wall that ran around the Temple of Artemis to mark the limit of sanctuary for criminals, the Apostle must have seen some of those inscriptions which had been standing there a hundred years, and in which we to-day can read of 'Autocrat Cæsar, Augustus, Son of God.' It is true the expression 'Son of God' in the inscriptions of Ephesus, as in that which St. Paul must have seen at Tarsus, meant nothing more than 'a son of a divine person,' and referred to the Emperor's kinship with the deified Julius. St. John can distinguish his own use of the title by adding the article to each word, so that his phrase shall mean 'the very Son of the very God.' But the universe, too, was God's Son to many, whose philosophy would certainly have been known among the Ephesians. Therefore, the Apostle will employ another expression, the highest of philosophical titles; and he will speak of God's Word. But in this there is a two-fold difficulty, for the name has been given already to a pagan god, Hermes, the gods' messenger, now serving to unite the objects of Greek worship with the Universal Reason, expounded by Heracleitus in this same Ephesus six centuries ago. On the other hand, the Jews employ the name to express the agency of God, His Angel or Representative, the Mediator between God and men. Yet to them it would hardly convey all that is meant by Sonship. So, to make the truth clear to Jew and Gentile and those false Christians who deny the Veil to have been a real, human Body, the Apostle must speak of the Word, the Son, the Only-begotten, the Light, the Life, the Word become Flesh."

I now omit some sentences as to the *Memra*, or the Word, the Angelic Creator and Mediator, whom the Jews of Palestine and Babylon said Moses had seen in the burning bush, and whom they substituted for the Eternal wherever the Hebrew Bible attributed human actions to God. And we need not enter upon the discussion of the difference between the *Memra* and the *Logos*, or the Word, the Universal Reason, or the

Universal Order, or the World of Ideas, or the Divine Energy, as variously conceived in the speculations of Athens and Alexandria. Then resuming our quotation, we follow these sentences: "Delicate feeling and sublime passion are in evidence through the whole of this Gospel. When it tells how the Master crossed the Kedron with His disciples, and entered the garden, which He had often visited with His disciples, the Greek word for 'with' is changed to imply the closer communion in their sorrow. Then, in telling of the empty tomb, the author, still veiling his own name and speaking of himself as the disciple whom Jesus loved, changes the Greek word for 'loved,' that he may indicate the more heartfelt affection. And in the very beginning of the volume, when he is speaking in the form of Hebrew poetry, he would utter the three parallels:

And the Word became Flesh;
And among us, tabernacled He,
Full of grace and truth.

But before he has delivered the third line, he interjects the couplet, relating his own vision of the glory manifested by the Only Son, who had been sent from the Father.

And we beheld his glory,
Glory, as of Solebegotten from Father.

I would like to add some of my friend's notes upon the opening lines of the Gospel, and I will condense and arrange them as well as I can, though they are disordered and almost illegible. The text is translated in parallels, like Hebrew poetry, and each couplet is embodied in the explanation, the whole being probably the rough outline of a sermon.

"The language of these opening verses is so simple, that we may easily fail to perceive their fulness of meaning.

IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE WORD;
AND THE WORD WAS WITH GOD.

The phrase 'in the beginning' corresponds to the first word of *Genesis*, and the 'Word' is not that on the lips but in the mind, the expression of God's thought. But there are two small words which may escape us. 'Was' is in contrast with 'became' or 'came into being,' and means 'existed,' really and permanently, not in transient appearance, and its form requires that it should be translated, 'was existing.' 'With' implies also 'direction towards,' and seems to involve the idea of communion, since the

Word is a person, being also the Son. The two lines may therefore be rendered,

In the beginning, the Word was existing;
And the Word was in communion with God.

Then, when creatures began to be, and when time began with them, the Word was existing, and communing with God. Thus language is compelled to suggest what is beyond its power to utter, the relation of eternity and time. But the Word is eternal, for here we have not to deal with some vain speculation, which assumes all conscious beings, as well as all unconscious, to have arisen from some unconscious form. An unconscious thing could no more produce conscious beings, than Silence of itself could develop Speech, but the Eternal Word is the eternal expression of God's Eternal Consciousness. And now, the second couplet seems to repeat the first, for it runs,

AND THE WORD WAS GOD:
HE WAS IN THE BEGINNING WITH GOD.

And when it is said that the Word was God, the Greek does not mean divine only, for that would be expressed by a different word. It means God; and the sentence is in the same form as one occurring in the second chapter of the *Epistle to the Philippians*, where the true Greek text of the thirteenth verse tells us that He who works in us is God. No one has questioned the full meaning of the word 'God' in this statement by St. Paul. So to the eternal self-existence of the Word, His communion with God, and His personal distinctness, St. John adds the declaration of His nature, that He was God; and later, there will be added the contrast, that He became Flesh. As yet, however, we stand before the Holy of Holies, but without power to see what glory fills the place. To reveal the splendour, there must first fall the Veil of Nature, Nature that is born and dies. It is the Universe, that becomes, comes into being, not the true Word, and in reality, only the raiment woven by God's Word, by God the Word. Therefore, the third couplet describes His Creation and the dependence of every creature on Him.

ALL THINGS BECAME BY MEANS OF HIM;
AND APART FROM HIM, NOT EVEN ONE THING BECAME.

As the Godhead was manifested by the Word, the Word was manifested by the Universe. Not a motionless veil is

this glorious array, but ceaseless in its movements, everyone of which witnesses to rational governance and the presence of the Word. His sustaining power holds it in being and harmony; and therefore, the poem, that passed from the Eternal to the Created, passes now from Creation to History.

WHAT HAS BECOME IS LIFE IN HIM;
AND THE LIFE WAS THE LIGHT OF MEN.

Some read the first line with 'was' instead of 'is,' translating it,

What has become was Life in Him;

but the evidence of our earliest Greek manuscript, both our earliest Latin manuscripts, the Brucian Coptic and Cureton's Syriac manuscript, perhaps representing the earliest of all the versions, is not to be hastily rejected, especially as the word 'is' may easily have been supplanted by 'was,' which is the connecting word in the previous verses and in the following line. And some, uniting the phrase, 'what has become,' with the previous couplet, read the first line as

In Him was Life,

contrary to the testimony of early writers like Origen and the Alexandrian Clement. It may be, this couplet, properly read and understood, refers to the Ideas in God's Eternal Mind, even as John, in his Patmos vision, heard of the 'Lamb, slain from the world's foundation.' And though finite language must here seem to express but paradox, and to be in contradiction with itself, yet we may try to stammer our thought by saying that all things existed as Ideas in the Word, who was their Life. But the sentence has a present reference, for we are looking upon the veil of History. The thirtieth chapter of *Deuteronomy* records the declaration of Moses, that the Eternal our God is our Life; and the thirty-sixth of the Hebrew *Psalms* tells of men's hope and joy in God, saying,

For with Thee is the Fountain of Life:
In Thy Light, we shall see Light.

And thus we pass from the sense, in which the natural world reveals God to men, to that sense, in which the Life and Light are made known by the supernatural revelation of the Word. Eternity, Creation, and History have led to this; and now the poem reaches the Incarnation of the Word, and the battle between Light and Darkness, so fully portrayed in this Gospel.

AND THE LIGHT SHINES IN THE DARKNESS;
AND THE DARKNESS DID NOT OVERCOME IT.

As we read the book under the guidance of these words, we realize the truth uttered by Clement of Alexandria about a century after the publication of the Gospel. He declared it to be the tradition of the elders from the beginning, that John, last of all, perceiving the bodily matters had been shown in the Gospels, and being urged by his friends, and divinely borne by the Spirit, made a spiritual Gospel. It is well said; and in the pages of this volume, we see a lovelier veil than Creation or History could afford, for it is the Veil of Flesh, bedewed with tears at the grave of Lazarus, and dyed with blood on Calvary."

"Those opening lines," added my friend, "correspond to St. Luke's Preface. And they contain philosophical language introducing the History to those for whom it was written, whether Greeks, dreaming of wisdom, or Jews, craving for supernatural signs. The other Gospels indeed, were addressed to the believing, but this to the unbelieving, that they might believe on the Eternal Son, and have Eternal Life."

And I may now conclude with some words my friend wrote in another connection. "The Fourth Gospel," said he, "was written for unbelievers, and therefore it contains neither the Lord's Prayer, nor the Institution of the Holy Eucharist. In accordance with the Discipline of the Secret, these were hidden from the unbaptized, lest they should profane them in the theatre or the banquet-room. And because St. John does not relate them, his volume has been acknowledged as a spiritual Gospel in the opinion of those to whom spirituality means abstraction from the actual facts and evident realities of life. Yet to the initiated, the discourse on the Manna implied the Holy Eucharist, and the Prayer in the Supper-Room recalled the Lord's Prayer. And to them, the truly enlightened, illumined by the Eternal Spirit, the Gospel was at once spiritual, concrete, and historical."

M. N.

Some Gothic Revivalists.

WITH the death in October last of Mr. G. F. Bodley—full of years and honours, his hand still busied on cathedrals—there passed away the last of the elder race of Gothic revivalists, men whom their generation alike and their eminence therein entitle to be so ranked. As he was the last, so he was admittedly one of the foremost of its exponents, conspicuous not only by the mass and quality of his work, but also as the creator in some sort of a new tradition within the school.

His demise, therefore, marks a period in the movement which has done so much to rehabilitate the practice of church architecture in our midst, and the occasion may well warrant both a personal estimate and a general retrospect—a brief view of the work achieved by the most notable professors of an art essentially Catholic, whether exercised within or without the pale, but including those only whose personal labours are done.

The Catholic factor, however, in the revival at large has been a leading one. Born, or rather born afresh (for it had its root in the eighteenth century) in a day of generous ideals—of the Oxford Movement, the Pre-Raphaelite, the Young-England—like them, in large measure, it drew its inspiration from the Catholic Middle Ages. Its true parent was Pugin, and among his professional brethren, and his supporters, cleric and lay, were many honoured Catholic names. It stood, of course, not only for the revival of architecture, but also of liturgy and plain-song, though these aspects cannot be considered here. The architectural movement alone, however, is full of fascination as we look a little below the surface and trace, however lightly, its varying currents, and the characteristics of the men who swayed them, or by them were swayed.

Broadly speaking, the effective Revival falls into three successive phases: the native, as it may be called, inaugurated by Pugin (and in civil architecture also by Barry); the foreign, of which the first inspirer was not an architect at all, but none

other than Ruskin; and the third, for which it is difficult to find a single epithet, but which exhibits a return to national forms, though modified somewhat by foreign influences, and inclining, or declining, now-a-days towards eclecticism. Of this recovery Mr. Bodley may be considered the apostle—none the less eloquent in that he preached rather by example than by precept.

Augustus Welby Pugin was prophet, preacher, and practitioner all in one—author, illustrator, educator, satirist, discoverer. In his brief and brilliant career of forty years all told, he revolutionized the popular practice of architecture and the allied arts in England. To be sure he had precursors in a modest way; even in our own ranks Scoles had already done creditable work, as at Preston and Stonyhurst; nay, Bishop Milner himself was a promoter of the cause. But the publication of the *Contrasts* in 1836 was a trumpet-blast, and inaugurated a veritable crusade, supported as it was by the practical work of the author. When we turn to this architectural work, the wonder is not that some of it bears the stamp of haste in design or execution, but that most of it is of so high an order of excellence, showing a mastery of the style where others had but been feeling their way. Certainly, no one but himself could have designed St. Chad's at Birmingham, or St. Marie's at Derby, with all their appointments, in those first years of the Victorian reign. Even some of his smallest churches he managed to invest with an atmosphere—an aroma, as it were, of the Ages of Faith—which is as elusive as it is delightful. He possessed, too, the secret of a stately interior, and the art of making the comparatively small and simple show great—as witness St. Barnabas, at Nottingham, which looked every inch a cathedral till, with the recent removal of its rood-screen, vanished also half its apparent size and dignity. Yet composition in the larger sense was scarcely his strong point: without disparagement it may be said that detail was his *forte*, for his draughtsmanship, and his facility in the design of ornament and in everything, indeed, pertaining to the applied arts, was nothing short of amazing. This bent and bias of his genius finds a parallel in other leaders of the Revival, and it would be an interesting by-product to inquire in how many cases their special aptitude was not for—*pace* Mr. Ruskin—the accessory in architecture.

Meantime, others were advancing along the same path of

reform, and none more sympathetically than the Catholic Mr. M. E. Hadfield, who, with his partner Mr. Weightman, erected in the north of England a group of striking churches, of which St. Marie's, at Sheffield, and St. John's (now the Cathedral), at Salford, both belonging to the 'forties, are the finest examples. That they were closely modelled on, or adapted from, ancient English authorities, witnesses to the still early stage of the revival, conjoined perhaps with a certain scholarly modesty in their authors.

While hailing Pugin as a "nationalist" in architecture, it is proper to recall that he was at one time fascinated by the peculiar beauties of foreign Gothic, from which he declared himself to have been rescued by the representations of Dr. Rock, author of *The Church of our Fathers*, &c. Towards the date, however, of the former's untimely decease, the Continental invasion came with a vengeance. In 1849, Ruskin, smitten with the Gothic of Northern Italy, brought out his *Seven Lamps of Architecture*, followed not long after by the *Stones of Venice*. Forthwith, architecture, civil and ecclesiastical, developed a strange affection. Leading men, and then lesser ones, yielding to the influence, vied with each other in the variegation of their buildings. Arrangements in coloured marbles and other materials, within and without,—sometimes suggesting tattoo rather than decoration—became the rage. Motley, indeed, was the only wear, and repose a bygone ideal. Only in the hands of the ablest designers could this rendering of trans-Alpine traits prove even tolerable. Such were Scott, Street, and Butterfield. The latter's well-known Church of All Saints, Margaret Street, built about 1850, and projected by the Cambridge Ecclesiologists as a typical Anglican place of worship, was apparently the first indication of the change, while his Keble College and Chapel at Oxford (considerably later) was a still more daring essay in fantastic colouration. Both, however, are undoubtedly works of marked original merit, and were supplemented during a career not yet long closed, by a large body of important work, tuned, as time went on, in a soberer key.

Better-known names are those of Street and Scott, restorers as well as designers of cathedrals, apologists as well as architects, fighting, like Pugin, the battle of the styles—Gothic *versus* Classic, or Foreign *versus* English. Street, in particular, connected himself with the new fashion by the publication of

his *Brick and Marble Architecture of Northern Italy*. An admirable draughtsman and indefatigable producer, his touch in design was vigorous almost to coarseness. A great ecclesiologist, yet his churches are less well known to the public than his London Law Courts. Of those, as of these, it may be said that despite their power, they appeal more to the student of "early" detail than to the amateur of the strictly beautiful in line and form. Mr. (afterwards Sir Gilbert) Scott was in the field as early as Pugin, and felt his influence. His own sympathies were now enlisted on behalf of the prevailing mode, but as regards civic rather than ecclesiastical work. His numerous churches did indeed betray in due course the foreign vogue, as *e.g.* his College Chapels in the Universities, yet his later as well as his earlier efforts strike a native note, as may be observed in the Church of St. Mary Abbot's, Kensington, with its noble steeple. Scholarly as was his work in this class, yet it is for the most part somewhat coldly correct: it does not escape that two-fold chill of architecture and of Anglicanism which pervades so many churches of the mid-Victorian period.

Meantime, however (for we have anticipated somewhat), a further wave of foreign influence had reached our shores, and mingling with the last, swept with it the entire Gothic wing of the profession. The wider study of Continental mediævalism, and in particular of those grand French models which were the prototypes of all the rest, aided by such events as the Lille Cathedral competition in 1856,¹ created a diversion in professional feeling, which ended by fixing its affections on the severe forms of nascent Gothic at its source. A season of extreme rigour set in, when the graces and amenities of the later periods were sternly discarded. Once, Pugin, indisposed in mind and body at Rome, wrote that he should feel better when he could catch sight of a mullioned window. Now, however, his disciples brought themselves to look upon a mullioned window as—it has been expressed—an invention of the devil! Doubtless there is exaggeration in the phrase, though very descriptive of the extreme attitude of the day, for mullioned and traceried windows were tolerated provided only they were duly stiff and geometrical. If one could cite in addition to the names mentioned above, a typical exponent of this universal phase, it should be that of William Burges, known by his work at Cardiff Castle for the late Marquis of

¹ In this the foremost places—though not the work—were secured by Englishmen.

Bute. His, however, was essentially a decorative gift, admirably evidenced in designs for all sorts of ornamental accessories, even to such a delicate art as jewelry. His skill was such, that combined with an appropriate draughtsmanship, it is reported to have led even so fine a judge as Viollet-le-duc to take some specimens of his design for genuine mediæval productions. Yet in the composition of a cathedral—that of St. Finbar at Cork—he may be said relatively to have failed. The mention of the Frenchman's name reminds one that the publication of his marvellous illustrated *Dictionary* in 1867 gave a further stimulus to Gallic fashions.

It is noteworthy, and perhaps not wholly unnatural, that these perilous modes were adopted by none more eagerly, and persisted in by none more tenaciously, than by Catholic practitioners; so much so as to make it almost superfluous to quote either names or buildings. The former Pro-Cathedral at Kensington, however, is a central instance. Interesting, it may be allowed, in capable hands, this fashion—pleasantly nicknamed the "Gothique"—has yet left us an abundant legacy of churches remarkable chiefly for an exaggerated acuteness and angularity of forms, while often meagre enough in substance; and, where richness replaced severity, for a restless elaboration in the design of their reredoses and other ornamental fittings. In the country at large it did irreparable damage by the restoration of ancient churches in the spirit of the novel practice, to such an extent that the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings was founded to counteract the mischief; while at the same time its general untowardness did much to discredit the whole Revival in the public mind. As to the Venetian phase rampant somewhat earlier, overlapping this one it gradually flickered out, and remains a curiosity in the annals of modern architecture. One must indeed marvel at the taste and temper which could seek to transplant this brilliant exotic to English towns, and still more to English country. No unpardonable violence, perhaps, is done to the fitness of setting by the strange splendours of the St. Pancras Hotel, in a city where so much is strange; but it is a very different matter when the freakish and unfamiliar fashions of Keble College are made to neighbour the homely dignities of Tudor Oxford, or the cumbrous masses and crude colouring of the Memorial Theatre—Franco-Italian, shall we call it?—are set down beside the peaceful banks of Avon, typically English in its scenery and traditions.

Before either of these buildings were engendered, however, the beginnings of deliverance were at hand, and herein we shall note the initiative of Mr. Bodley. His earliest works, indeed, had been conceived in the manner of the moment, but as far back as 1863 he designed the Church of All Saints, Cambridge, which clearly showed a reversion to native types. He even recalled the methods of the 'forties by adapting to his design the ancient steeple of Ashbourne, in Derbyshire. In 1869 his church of Tue Brook, near Liverpool, marked a further advance, especially in its decorative treatment. About the same time there were evidences in domestic architecture of a similar relaxation, which presently took shape in the so-called "Queen Anne" movement so closely connected with the name of Mr. Norman Shaw, and which no doubt reacted favourably on ecclesiastical art. Other swallows ventured from other quarters, and when in the early 'seventies Messrs. Bodley and Garner built their sumptuous churches of Hoar-Cross, and of Pendlebury near Manchester, a real change of season might be augured. The latter building is not, it is true, of a wholly English type, for foreign adventure had at least taught a needed breadth of treatment; indeed, it appears in its main lines to be specifically based on the ancient Dominican church of Ghent (now, alas, no more), and has the spaciousness characteristic of the mediæval friar-churches. But the detail throughout is of the suave and beautiful character peculiar to English art of the late fourteenth century. And here, too, though the fine gold has become dim in an atmosphere of mills and collieries, may be studied, on a bright day, the stained glass and painting, the wrought metal and carved woodwork, and all the equipment of decorative detail in which its architect excelled.

From thence onward, Mr. Bodley, together with his partner (who pre-deceased him, having some time before been received into the Church)¹ set their seal on a great mass of beautiful building, decoration, and restoration, chiefly for the High-Anglican interest, up and down the country; a body of work which has unquestionably had a marked effect upon contemporary practice, while it is known and admired far beyond the boundaries of the profession. Briefly, its characteristic is an extreme refinement of form and colour and feeling, and an entire absence of current eccentricity and experimentalism. Lacking perhaps something of vigour and originality, and

¹ To his hand is due the fine choir of Downside Abbey-church.

affecting occasionally too much of a religious gloom, yet it catches perhaps more successfully than any other work of the times, the air and accent of later English mediævalism.

The limits of this paper will not permit of more than an allusion to other architects who were betimes in the same field of reform. Such, however, while belonging to a younger generation, were Mr. Sedding, who did much church work in the west-country, and Mr. Gilbert Scott, Junr., who, becoming a convert, designed the great Catholic church at Norwich.

But a review, however exclusive, of leading revivalists, can scarcely be complete without a reference to Mr. Bentley. Known as he is to the world at large chiefly by the grand masses of Westminster Cathedral (designed, however, for a casing of precious ornament), yet one can scarcely err in regarding him as one of the great decoratist-architects of the age, a past-master in artistic detail of every kind, which he handled with an individual genius perhaps unequalled. In the course of a career all too early closed, he was the author of various striking churches, and of additions and adornments to many others. His completest work of this kind is the truly remarkable church at Watford, in a late Gothic manner, where architecture and its allied arts blend in a rich and harmonious whole. His touch was of the last refinement, his sympathies were from early with English forms, but he was ever original.

And here we might fitly end, as we began, chronologically, upon a Catholic name. But it would be impossible to close without some notice of the conspicuous part played in the revival by Mr. J. L. Pearson, the architect of Truro Cathedral and of numerous churches throughout the country. Though belonging to the elder generation, yet it was difficult to "place" him in connection with the successive phases of the movement, because of the marked independence of his style. Affected by them, it is true, in his earlier days, yet for long years previous to his demise in 1897, he did practically one thing, and did it superlatively well; settling down into the practice of the purest and most elegant type of Early-English, modified in its general forms by influences from its parent-Normandy. Everywhere in his work one sees the constructor and composer; his lofty churches are always vaulted, while their external grouping is always effective, with bold combinations of steeple and turrets—as in the noble Church of St. Augustine at Kilburn. But it is to Truro—though a far cry—that one must go for the fullest

expression of these characteristics, for the soaring vault and the climbing steeple which affect the mind almost as do the great creations of the Middle Ages. Conversely, however, Pearson had the defects of his qualities; decorative detail, craftsmanship, colour in particular, were not his speciality, and undoubtedly his interiors lose by the deficiency. When, too, on occasion, he treated the richer and freer styles of Gothic, his hand seemed to lose its magic. Nevertheless, if a balance is to be struck between qualities and between masters, it will scarcely be rash to claim that as regards the more innate and abiding elements of fine architecture, his work is entitled to the foremost place.

W. RANDOLPH.

Religious Sentiment in Sienese Art.

SIENA, that quaint little town of mediæval Italy, known long ago as the "city of the Virgin," is the most satisfying of all the Tuscan *castelli*. To the art lover its resources are endless, for it is filled with treasures. They are found at every turn ; in the architectural beauties of the old palaces, in iron lamp-holders at street corners, in shrines under narrow doorways, in every church : and one marvels when reading the history of the Republic how these wonders came to be wrought. The history of Siena is a confused story of an endless series of fights and struggles. We learn how the Republic contended against neighbouring Powers, how the streets witnessed perpetual strifes between Gueff and Ghibelline, Nobili and Popolani. Not a time or place for art, surely, and yet amidst the clash of arms, and surrounded by every kind of intrigue, one painter succeeded another in an unending chain, and created beautiful masterpieces.

The motive spring of Sienese art was religion. The Sienese were deeply imbued with religious sentiment, and no matter how riotous their living, how careless they became in its personal practice, they never abandoned the faith they professed. A sort of childlike credulity, too, accompanied their most unchristian deeds, and they believed in the direct intervention of the saints while acting in contradiction to what those saints taught.

Picturesque contrasts are read of in the lives of individuals. We are told how a young man, Bernardino Ptolomei, a member of the fashionable *jeunesse dorée* of the day, left his gay life, and retiring to the mountains, founded the great monastery of Monte Oliveto. A woman of the people, the daughter of a tanner, became a mystic, and forthwith a power in the city. Rulers listened to her words, wild young men obeyed her will, she dictated to the multitude, and afterwards remained one of

the greatest inspirations of Sienese art. St. Bernardine discoursed to his fellow citizens on their vices in no measured language, and instituted his device, a monogram of IHS, upon a shield. This was placed over every building of importance, and can still be seen throughout the city. Religion was also a powerful factor in the government of the Republic, and the *Diario Sienese* tell us how,

on the 5th of August, the old Signoria and the new, with the officers of the city and the greater part of the people, went to the Duomo. After certain prayers had been said, the Prior of the Signoria, in the name of the Magnificent Commune, offered the keys of Siena upon the altar of the Madonna. . . . The Cardinal took the keys, and the procurator . . . gave them to the Prior, recommending to him the city, that he should hold and govern it in the name of our Lady, and make no other contract concerning it.

It was customary to place the city keys at nightfall at the feet of the Madonna of the Torre Mangia, in recognition of her patronage.

That the rulers of the "city of the Virgin" should leave their heavenly Mistress unrepresented in the world of art was not to be expected, and the Sienese artists were constantly ordered to take her as the subject of their pictures. Thus the one consecutive sentiment that runs through the uneven course of Sienese history pervades, of necessity, her art. We have but to wander through the Belle Arti Gallery, where we can trace the rise of the Sienese school, from its early pre-Duccian days till it reached its zenith, in order to realize how far religion influenced the art of Siena. Rows of *pietas*, Madonnas, saints, and angels, line the walls. These holy figures look down upon us with kind, mild eyes, and their undisputed presence in the gallery give one an impression of remoteness from the world, and a nearness to an eternal Paradise. How quaint they are, those conceptions of the early school, full of intense religious feeling, but showing little technical knowledge. Siena seems to have been possessed of a spirit of her own which kept her from outside influence, so that she advanced more slowly than other cities in the development that time brought into the world of art.

We notice first the great altar-pieces painted upon wood. They are usually divided into panels, the central one representing a Scriptural scene, and the side ones groups of saints. These figures are all Byzantine in conception, and in spite of

their stiff, strained attitudes, their lack of proper drawing, and, if one may so express it, their unnaturalness, there is a repose about them that attracts the beholder. It is impossible to pass on hurriedly in the face of so much calm. They speak of a time when religious art was occupied only with the spiritual element, and when painters strove rather to express the devotional aspect of their subject than to create a work of great artistic merit. These early pictures give us somehow the impression of a prayer upon canvas.

Duccio di Buoninsegna, who lived in the end of the thirteenth and the beginning of the fourteenth century, may be considered the founder of the Sienese school. There is a distinct advance in his work as compared with that of earlier painters, both as regards technique and the conception of design. His faces express a force of character, and his figures an ease of pose, that we do not find in those of his predecessors. Several of his large altar-pieces hang on the walls of the Belle Arti, notably the Queen of Prophets and Patriarchs. But the work that immortalized the name of Duccio and made him famous in his own time, was the great picture he painted for the Cathedral of Siena. On October 9, 1308, the Ancona was entrusted to him, and on June 9, 1311, it was carried in procession to the Duomo, and placed above the high altar. An anonymous chronicler thus describes the scene :

On the day that it was carried to the Duomo, the shops were shut and the bishop bade that a goodly and devout company of priests and friars should go in solemn procession, accompanied by the Signoria, Novi, the officers of the Commune, and the people. All the most worthy followed close upon the picture according to their degree, with lights burning in their hands, and then behind them came the women and children. . . . As they accompanied the said picture, all the bells sounded joyously for devotion of so noble a picture. All that day they offered up prayers, with great alms to the poor, praying God and His Mother that He may defend us in His own mercy, and that He may keep us from the hands of all enemies of Siena.

Andrea Dei, a contemporary, wrote, "That it was the most beautiful picture that was ever seen or made." Removed from the Cathedral, it now hangs in the Opera del Duomo, close by. In the centre of the picture is the Virgin Mother and the Divine Child, surrounded by angels. Close by stands St. Peter and the two St. Johns, St. Catherine and St. Agnes. Kneeling

below are the saints of Siena, Crescentius, Victor, Ansanus, Savinus. Round the throne the painter has inscribed these words: "Holy Mother of God, be thou the cause of rest to Siena; be life to Duccio because he has painted thee thus." There is a charming naïveté and self-confidence in the phrase. Duccio felt he had executed a great work and plainly tells us so, and claims the special protection of the heavenly queen for the fitting tribute he has paid her.

Passing along the gallery we notice the pictures of the Lorenzetti brothers, Pietro and Ambrogio, the latter of whom has left us some charming works. The heads of his saints are beautiful and dignified, and there is a considerable variety in their expressions. Ambrogio Lorenzetti's figures are not of the angular Byzantine type; he seems to have aimed at the more rounded presentation of the human form which many of the mediæval artists of his time had adopted.

Here and there among the rows of Madonnas we come across a Sienese saint: Galganus, the first apostle of Siena, depicted holding a martyr's palm against a background of Tuscan hills; Victor, another martyr, Crescentius, Bernardino Ptolomei, and more constantly St. Catherine and St. Bernardine. The Sienese therefore grew up familiar with the pictures of their saints; they remained in touch with the story of their lives, and held with them a good fellowship.

Other religious subjects have inspired the Sienese school. A curious Last Judgment claims attention. It is the predella to the picture that hangs above. The figure of Christ occupies the centre, with the Apostles on either side. On the right the lost souls are being tortured in Hell, on the left the elect are received into Heaven. Angels come to meet the latter as they climb up the bank, giving them an affectionate welcome. Long-parted friends find each other again, two Franciscans are embracing, a dignitary of the Church is clasping a little boy, and a Dominican greets with delight his guardian angel. In the higher part of the picture is a garden where the blessed walk together under trees covered with golden fruit. The idea thus quaintly conveyed seems to be the great joy the elect will feel in meeting with one another in Paradise.

The most religious of all the Sienese painters was Sano di Pietro. As we linger in the two rooms in the Belle Arti devoted to his pictures, we feel that he must have loved to paint the Madonna, the angels and the saints, and that he approached

his work with reverence and devotion, convinced that it was holy. In his book on Siena Mr. Gardner writes:

Like Fra Angelico, his life was in perfect harmony with his art—*pictor famosus et homo totus deditus Deo*—so he is described in the document that registers his death—"a famous painter and a man utterly dedicated to God." But unlike Angelico he was a married man and a father of children. . . . No sympathetic student of Sienese painting can ever find Sano di Pietro monotonous, or otherwise than fascinating.

Sano's pictures seem to us the expression of his pure and holy nature. His thoughts must have dwelt with the Madonna and the saints, and perhaps they came to him in his dreams. We cannot imagine Sano di Pietro taking some famous beauty of the day to serve as a model for his Madonnas as was done by the painters of the Renaissance. Such an act would surely have seemed to him a desecration. It was always the happier optimistic side of religion that Sano loved to paint. We see few crucifixions or martyrdoms among his works, but numberless coronations and ascensions. No violent emotions are expressed by his figures; they are all composed, gentle, calm, as if in very truth they enjoyed the complete satisfaction of the Beatific Vision. To Sano di Pietro religion must have been all devotion and consolation, no doubt or dark passions could ever have obscured the clear mirror of his soul, and it is this religious serenity which his own nature possessed that he has transmitted to his pictures, and that in looking at them to-day we cannot but feel. He is truly the painter of the Paradiso. This artist's work is characterized by brilliancy of colouring. There is but little shade in the draperies. He used gold lavishly, and it is often the only background. A notable picture is the vision of St. Calixtus, where the Madonna appears to the Pope and commends the city to his protection. Those of St. Bernardine are also interesting, for they are practically contemporary portraits, and show us the tall, thin, ascetic-looking Saint, keen, purposeful, and ardent. Sano's fresco of the coronation in the Palazzo Publico is glorious in its colouring, whilst the grouping of the figures and the reverence of their attitude speak of the painter's own devotion.

Another remarkable painter of the Sienese school is Matteo di Giovanni. Three beautiful Madonnas look down upon us from the walls of the Belle Arti, and in the Church of St. Domenico is a wonderful fresco. It represents St. Barbara

enthroned, with gorgeous robes about her, and holding in her hand a martyr's palm. SS. Mary Magdalen and Catherine of Alexandria stand on either side, and above are grouped four angels. The beauty and grace of the three women is striking, while the colouring seems dazzling in contrast to the cold severity of the church.

In the Chapel of Santa Maria della Neve we find Matteo di Giovanni's finest work. It is a large altar-piece, and immediately seizes the attention. Again the Virgin sits enthroned. Her robe is black, and the dark drapery gives the picture its chief characteristic, for it makes the central figure stand out so that the eyes rest naturally on it, the brilliant saints and angels sinking into the background. Grouped about the throne are SS. Peter, Paul, Catherine, and Lawrence, and a number of angels fill the higher part of the picture. The Sienese prize this work of Matteo di Giovanni so highly that the authorities would not allow it to be removed to the Mostro of 1904, fearing it might receive injury.

The greatest of all the Sienese painters is Giovanni Antonio Bazzi, usually known as Sodoma. Though not a Sienese by birth—he was the son of an artisan of Vercelli—still Siena claims him absolutely as her own. Most of his work was done in Siena, and there are few churches or galleries in the city that cannot show some creation of his art. Morelli wrote of him as “the most important and gifted artist of the school of Leonardo, the one who is the most easily confounded with the great master himself.” We stay enthralled before his wonderful fresco of Christ at the pillar, the most divine figure that has ever grown beneath the painter's brush. The Saviour of the world stands bound with cords, the crown of thorns is on His brow. His head is turned to the left, and He looks as though His thought embraced all time. What depths of sorrow in His expression, how desolate He looks. It is the figure of a man utterly alone whose great soul has passed beyond the reach of all human sympathy. There is nothing here of the weak, exhausted sufferer that so many painters have represented. Sodoma's Christ is in the full completion of His perfect manhood. Physical strength shows itself in the strong arms that could easily burst the bonds that hold Him, but He keeps back His power. He has freely given Himself to His executioners, and so He will remain till the end. Sodoma's Christ might be the Infant Jesus in Raphael's Sistine Madonna,

—the beautiful child with the wiſe, ſolemn eyes—grown to man's eſtate. In each there is the ſame latent power, the ſame divine element, the one is the fitting completion of the other. Paul Bourget, in his *Sensations d'Italie*, writes of the freſco: "C'eſt mon Chriſt à moi." There are few of us who would not ſay the ſame. In another room we find the Deſcent from the Croſs, one of Sodoma's early pictures, and certainly not the leaſt beautiful. Cloſe by hang his Chriſt praying in the Garden, and Adam and Eve in Limbo.

From the Belle Arti we muſt follow Sodoma to the Church of San Domenico, where his talent was exerciſed in decorating the Chapel of St. Catherine. Three ſcenes from the Saint's life are depicted here. In the firſt, her reception of the ſtigmata, St. Catherine has ſunk to the ground at the foot of a pillar, two Mantellate ſupporting her on either ſide. The Saint's face is beautiful, and her attitude is that of one who is overwhelmed by more than nature can ſuſtain. Above the pillar, ſurrounded by angels, is the figure of Chriſt. The companion freſco is the Miraculous Communion, and on the left wall is the Execution of Niccolo di Toldo. The greater part of this work is by Vanni, for Sodoma left it unfinished, but the Saint is by the maſter hand, and is a charming representation. She is kneeling with joined hands, and her eyes follow the ſoul of the dead man to Heaven. Her face is pale, her dark eyes accentuated, her expreſſion one of gentle peace. The St. Catherine Sodoma preſents to us is a thoroughly womanly perſonality, a ſweet graciousneſs pervades her, and yet we feel that behind the gentle exterior lurks a ſtrength of purpoſe, a force that nothing can ſhake. We imagine her attracting everyone, and while dictating to Popes and rulers retaining her womanly charm. She is the Catherine who ſpeaks to us in thoſe delightful letters, earneſt and ſtrong, but ſweet, gentle, and full of underſtanding ſympathy.

A contemporary of Sodoma was Girolamo del Pacchia. His large picture of the Annunciation and Viſitation in the Belle Arti is one of the fineſt in the gallery. In the foreground the Bleſſed Virgin is greeted by an angel holding in one hand a lily and in the other a ſcroll with the words, *Ave Maria*. The Virgin is partly turned away as if fearing at ſight of the angel. The background repreſents the Viſitation. Raised upon ſteps and ſtanding in an archway, with the country beyond, are the figures of the Bleſſed Virgin and St. Elizabeth. The whole

composition is charming, and though both subjects are distinct, they form together a complete picture. Pacchia also helped to decorate the home of Siena's great Saint. There are several of his frescoes on the walls of the lower rooms in St. Catherine's house. In one she is saving by her prayers two Dominican monks; in another, she visits a dead Mantellata. The finest, however, represents her raising from sickness Messer Matteo de Cenni. The Saint stands in the centre with extended hand, in an attitude of simple dignity. The people around look at her intently, seemingly convinced of her supernatural powers.

In the upper room there is another picture that should not fail to be noticed. It represents Christ offering the choice of the two crowns. Vanni, the painter, was truly inspired. St. Catherine kneels; one hand presses her side, the other is held half reluctantly towards the crown of thorns. Her head is bent, her eyes full of sadness, and the expression of distaste betrays that the choice is not altogether a pleasing one. The figure is very natural and human, and expresses the several feelings that must have possessed the Saint.

Beccafumi has also left many beautiful paintings. His "Stigmata of St. Catherine," in the large hall of the Belle Arti, is a picture that at once attracts attention, both on account of its composition and its beauty of colouring. The Saint kneels in ecstasy before a crucifix with extended arms. Above are the Virgin and Child surrounded by angels. On either side of the foreground stand SS. Benedict and Jerome. The latter reads a book; the former, with hand pointed, seems to call our attention to the Saint, as if he would compare her knowledge with the learning of the great doctor of the Church. This picture places Beccafumi among the greatest painters of the religious school. Vasari said of Beccafumi, that "he was a virtuous and excellent person, studious in his art, and extremely solitary." He loved Siena, and used to declare that he could not paint elsewhere.

We have dwelt only on the greater among the Sienese painters. There are many lesser ones who have left remarkable work. All, however, were imbued with the same spirit; all were the exponents of religious sentiment. The profane pictures in Siena are few. Perhaps in the Gallery of the Belle Arti there are three or four, some historical scenes in the Palazzo Pubblico, a few frescoes in private palaces. Whatever the Sienese painters may have done elsewhere, in "the City of

the Virgin" they seem to have used their talent only for religious art, and they have succeeded in leaving us a school of religious painting that has no rival.

What was it that inspired those painters? Some among them were holy and devout, Sano di Pietro, for instance, and Beccafumi, and their great talent served as a vehicle for their religious thought. Others, however, were cast in a different mould. Sodoma, whose pictures breathe a divine sentiment, was, to put it mildly, wild and unscrupulous. How then can we explain the sentiment that animated the artists of those days? It did not of necessity exist in the men themselves. Whence came it? From the age itself. They were inspired by the time in which they lived. To the mediæval Christian, religion was a more vivid, an intenser entity than it became to his later day successor. The supernatural was nearer, the invisible world an ever present reality. The painters of the day could not but be influenced by this general attitude towards the spiritual. Christ, the Madonna, and the saints, became to them such familiar personalities that, producing them upon canvas, seemed like executing well-known portraits. They were the subjects it seemed the most natural to paint.

Modern religious painters do not give us satisfying religious pictures; their subjects lack the strength and charm, the diviner element of the old-world school. The modern Christian world, having lost the vivid conception of the unseen, we cannot expect to find in its painters the power to create a perfect, religious art, and the religious paintings of to-day must remain but faint shadows of the great work of the masters of long ago.

C. D.

Some hope for French Fiction.

AMONG the many sad reflections which Catholics must make to-day on the decay of religion in France, there is at least a brighter outlook in one direction, and that is the marked tendency towards avowed and openly professed faith among a certain section of modern French writers. The high literary standing of most of them, guarantees that none of their utterances shall, at all events, fail entirely to obtain a hearing, and thus many a chance reader, attracted by a mighty name, becomes deeply interested and absorbed by the presentment of some problem of every-day life, or the history of some spiritual struggle, before he is put on the defensive by aggressive controversy or tired with lengthy historical details, and so perhaps takes the first step towards a deeper comprehension than he has ever before found possible, of the things of the soul. Were it only that modern French fiction reaches a section of the public that seldom or never opens a book of devotion, or condescends to ask advice on ethical problems, and knows of no solution to the many vexed questions of daily life but a dull and stolid pessimism, the fact that such fiction may sometimes now-a-days contain advice or comfort as surely based upon the Church's teaching as that which any priest would give, is an enormous spiritual asset. Naturally those people who are not embarking upon a course of reading for any definite spiritual end, will take their fiction when and where they please, and cultivated literary taste has before now led readers into strange paths when merely in search of fine writing or interesting studies of character. It is a truism to repeat that fiction ostensibly written round definite religious principles, and illustrating any fixed line of conduct with its unflinching reward or punishment, often falls short of its aim from the very obviousness of its conclusions. But modern French authors of avowed faith have first of all, in most instances, the inestimable advantage of illustrating in their own lives the undeniable fact of their own conversions, and, secondly, the habit of considering and portraying those intimate and tragic moments in life which once they looked at with darkened eyes,

but now in the full light of faith. It is to be hoped that such lessons as they can teach will be carried on by the next and happier generation, which shall lift the banner of faith above a less troubled battlefield than the France of to-day. The saintly Eugénie de Guérin, bringing back her brother Maurice after his brief fight with the world, to abjure his errors, and die with the Holy Viaticum on his lips, and converting by the mere reading of her Journal and letters, the sceptic genius Barbey d'Aurville, who publicly returned to the Faith after her death, belongs to an earlier day, when she was a bright and lonely star in the literary sky which we hope will glow in our time with the full dawn of faith. But the cultivated reader of to-day who is also a convinced believer, will feel soul as well as mind satisfied by the later writings of the masterly Bourget, or the exquisite lines of the great poet François Coppée, who tells us how he wrote his articles for a Parisian paper, showing his readers week by week the great work God was doing in his soul, from that sick-bed which he only left to return humbly to the foot of the altar. The great orator and writer Brunetière, late in life the open champion of the Church, does not come within the scope of my remarks on writers of fiction, but he is too impressive a figure on the educational and political horizon, to be passed over. Much of his noble prose will be a priceless legacy to that world which has so lately lost him.

Paul Verlaine, vagabond and derelict of the Paris gutter, who returned to the faith when ill, penniless, and disgraced, has left some lines which for literary beauty and burning spiritual aspirations are unsurpassed in modern French poetry. In the Preface to them he humbly said that his greatest wish was to give nothing more to the world which could offend a Catholic ear. Joris Huysmans, that magician whose words are set like strange jewels in the quaint imagery of his style, on the eve of sinking into a blacker abyss than has ever swallowed genius, received the light of faith, and after writing some later books in which certain critics have professed to detect insincerity, set all doubts at rest by dying the death of a saint, offering the terrible sufferings of his disease as an atonement for his early aberrations. In the pages of René Bazin, sturdy champion of the faith, we may feel the full tide of Breton mysticism blended with that tender appreciation of nature which really seems the privilege of the pure in heart, since he is, at any rate, out of the small group of names I have mentioned, the only writer who has not had some former

utterances to disavow. I have purposely not alluded to any writers of what the French call *tendancieux*, or purely "confessional" literature, as they have always existed in France as in every other country, writing on their own lines, and for, alas! their own rather limited public, but in this connection I cannot refrain from mentioning "Yves le Querdec," otherwise Georges Fonsegrive, whose works have long been deservedly popular both in France and England. Neither does it illustrate my meaning to allude to modern French ecclesiastics, who are often graceful as well as edifying writers, students of mysticism such as Hello, whose work has more beauty of form than practical use, or the man who first gave the French world the *Revelations of Sœur Emmerich*. But I can recall nothing in our own contemporary literature which exactly answers to the movement I allude to in France, though I can best illustrate my meaning by mentioning Mrs. Wilfrid Ward's novel, *The Light Behind*. When an English novel, treated from an ethical standpoint, engrosses the attention of the reading public now-a-days, it is generally because it sets out to demolish some existing system of faith or morals, or professes to originate one. Those writers in England who approach the vital questions of the day neither do, nor profess to, deal with their subject as regarded in the light of faith, unless they are the accredited champions of religion, and these are not only rare in the English literary world of to-day, but without much influence on the reading public, from the mere fact of their foregone conclusions. At the risk of repeating myself, I would dwell again on the value of such testimony as this modern school of French fiction bears to the power of faith. The less congenial the environment and training of most French writers are to the fostering of spiritual ideals, the more wonderful is the spectacle of even one of them returning to the beliefs and practices of childhood; for in most cases the story has been the same, all spiritual duties abandoned directly the liberty of earliest manhood has been reached. One after the other has tried to live his life in the whirlpool of infidel surroundings, and, youth and temptation aiding, has almost been submerged. Illness, poverty, disappointment, and in some cases disgrace, have brought most of these sheep back into their Father's fold, and like sheep they follow thickest where their leaders go. And if it were only that great names lead the way, no young writer starting out in search of fame in France at the present moment, need fear to uphold the interests of religion

and morality in the most open and pronounced fashion ; he will find himself shoulder to shoulder with great personalities, whose proudest boast it is that they are the Church's submissive and obedient sons. Much has been written and said in this our day, concerning the so-called conflict or agreement between religion and science, and it is neither in my power nor my province to touch upon such questions ; but certain it is, that French fiction was for long the avowed and determined enemy of revealed religion and even of average Christian morality, and that a very real and true conflict can be said to have existed between Catholic ethics, and those subtly imagined and wonderfully drawn pictures of modern life, offered us by great masters of French fiction who have debased their noble gifts to make an apotheosis of the lowest instincts of mankind. It is easy to say that no man or woman is obliged to face the unpleasantness of such aspects of life in fiction, but in most cases where a reader is beyond the age when fruit is *only* attractive because forbidden, he is drawn to such books by the beauty of their literary style, their real grasp of the pathetic or tragic phases of existence, and those almost unsurpassably beautiful descriptions of still life, which so often relieve the strain of pessimistic French literature. This being so, it is an intellectual gain and a spiritual consolation, to watch the tendency towards higher and purer ideals slowly developing among men whose talent seems to have been bestowed upon them by Almighty God, that they may carry His teaching into surroundings it was so unlikely to reach. Not the least of the insidious evils of modern French fiction, when handled by unbelievers, is the fatal attitude of mind which sees sin as unavoidable ; and, starting on that basis, proceeds to uphold and extol its victims, as they pass through all the calamities which even fiction, if it is to be logical, cannot avert from them ; until the bewildered reader finds himself pitying the human being who has deliberately wrecked his life, in the same degree that he would a child, who has been blown over a precipice because too weak to stand against the force of the storm. It seems to me impossible to exaggerate the importance of superseding such an attitude, by a habit of mind, which, though not minimizing any of the difficulties or obstacles impeding the path of any human being who tries to be true to his higher promptings, shall yet understand that remedies do exist, hard and difficult though they may be to weak human

nature, for all the desperate enigmas of life, even as imagined by the oftentimes overwrought brain of a French novelist. It becomes more difficult every day to reckon without Fiction as a part of education : those thinkers who place even the best novels on an incalculably lower plane than biographies of real people, however valueless, are too apt to forget that although the novelist cannot vouch for his situations having involved living people whom we know, at any rate no problem and no dilemma in fiction, is, or ever has been, unparalleled in real life. It follows then that there is great profit and much healthy mental exercise, in following the fortunes of those creatures of another's brain who are confronted by certain vital or tragic problems which may, or may not, lie within our own experience of life. French writers of the school which I refer to, do not shrink from the great issues of life : they differ from their free-thinking contemporaries, and from their earlier selves in refusing to glorify sin ; but neither do they fall into the opposite error of portraying the world of to-day as it never has been and never will be, until "the former things are passed away." In addition to this profound and logical conception of existence, they have acquired the added certainty that no evil is too deep for help. *A grands maux, de grands remèdes* ; and no great remedy was ever discovered without revealing the existence of the malady it was intended to cure.

I am not now concerned with the question of indiscriminate reading for those who have not reached years of discretion, since very young people of both sexes, in all countries, have always had a special class of literature provided for them, but it is no small satisfaction to reflect that most of the writings of the French school to which I refer, would point as pure a moral as ever adorned a nursery tale, although they reach it often by showing men and women fighting their way through very unlovely obstacles. After all, nearly every book of devotion we possess repeats perpetually that we may at any moment have to choose between good and evil ; and few of them refrain from giving us the antidote because that entails naming the poison.

I do not doubt that all my fellow-Catholics in England share my devout hope that this revival of faith, and consequently of purer and higher ideals, will continue to spread through modern French literature ; and that the one-time almost opprobrious term "French novel," will one day stand for all that is noblest in contemporary fiction.

LILIAN MARION LEGGATT.

Newman and Campion: a Comparison and a Contrast.

PART III.

AND finally politicians have spoken concerning the secession of Campion and Newman, and in either case the loss to the Church of England as a law-established institution was regarded as irreparable. Victorian Ministers were not more concerned about Newman's conversion than the Ministers of Elizabeth regarding Campion's reconciliation. The comment of Cecil is the comment of Disraeli and Gladstone. "It is a very great pity," sighed Cecil, who more than Dudley or Elizabeth had been impressed by Campion's wondrous powers, "to see so notable a man as Campion leave his country, for indeed he was one of the diamonds of England." And Lord Beaconsfield, long after the event, gave it as his judgment that "the secession of Mr. Newman dealt a blow to the Anglican Church under which it still reels," while Gladstone took so serious a view as to be compelled to own that "a great luminary drew after him a third part of the stars of heaven."

Another point of no small interest in the careers of Newman and Campion is their connection with Ireland. When it became no longer possible for Campion to remain at Oxford, he set out in the hope of helping in the re-erection of the University at Dublin, which had been founded by Pope John XXI., but which had been destroyed, along with the monasteries, by the ruthless hand of Henry VIII. Thus for the time being, Campion succeeded in evading the suspicions of his enemies. The University scheme, however, had already been defeated through the Protestant opposition. Though foiled in his plan of assisting in the establishment of a new seat of learning, Campion, nevertheless, expounded his conception of an ideal University. If the circumstances which occasioned the *De Juvene Academico* are at best conjectural, the evidence of Father

Parsons places the fact beyond doubt that during his short, adventurous sojourn of six months in Ireland, Campion found opportunity to write this dissertation on the aim and end of academical education as well as a History of the country. While the *History* is still extant, the original composition of the *De Juvene Academico* has been altogether lost sight of, but most fortunately, both on account of the nobleness of the Idea—Milton's Tractate displays not half the grasp of the subject—and the majesty of its form, a speech, which Campion most probably delivered to the students at Prague, and which, while based on the former treatise, had no doubt the benefit of maturer thought, has been preserved. And does not the history of the Oratorian Father contain a chapter, not the least interesting of his eventful life, how in 1852 he was called to Dublin by the Catholic Bishops and appointed rector of the new University, how in eloquent lectures, he revealed his "Idea of a University," and how in spite of his brave struggling, the project proved vain?

And now we come to contrast the apostolates and sufferings of Blessed Edmund Campion and Cardinal Newman.

It has been already acknowledged that no two careers could appear more at variance than those of Campion and Newman in the point of their apostolic labours. Campion's mission, like the mission of St. Paul, was accomplished amid perils in town and country, in journeyings often, in labour and painfulness and much watching, in hunger and thirst, cold and nakedness, while Newman performed his labours amid the consolation and comfort of loyal friendships at Oxford and a devoted brotherhood at Birmingham. Newman's apostleship extended beyond the length of two generations. Campion's lasted but nine months. The influence of Campion was chiefly due to his preaching, though he achieved much by his *Decem Rationes*, which were first found strewn upon the benches of St. Mary's, Oxford: Newman's power, while immense good was wrought by his sermons, and especially by those delivered in the University church, lay principally in his written word. As a Protestant parson did Newman obtain his hold upon the country: Campion stirred the land as a priest of the Society of Jesus. Their missionary labours then are as opposite in kind as the times and circumstances of their lives. In spite of this width of difference, however, the aim of Campion's mission, at

least so it appears to us, is yet comparable with the end of Newman's work. Newman and Campion were set aside by God for their Protestant fellow-countrymen, moving the kingdom from end to end ; each was to spend and be spent that the eyes of many believers in the State religion might be opened to the truth of the Catholic belief, and that thus the Church of God might be delivered from the doom, which, after the way of man's thinking, seemed imminent and inevitable.

When Newman first set about his enormous task of bringing his countrymen back to the knowledge of Christianity, but for his enthusiasm in his cause, but for his inward persuasion, that since he was doing God's work, God would direct and fortify him and would crown his efforts with success, his spirit would have forsaken him. Not merely had the blood of the Protestant Church been poisoned by heresy, but the gangrene of Liberalism had set in, and as the young physician—Newman was then only thirty-two—watched his mother sickening unto death, he saw that hope had almost fled ; that to be or not to be was a question the answer to which could scarcely be considered doubtful. So long, however, as breath remained, he must do all that lay in his power. He wrote tracts, prevailed upon others to write them, and directed their circulation. He preached his doctrines boldly and from the outset captivated the youthful intellect of England. Later, when he perceived the far-reaching effect of his sermons, he thrust them, volume after volume, into the hands of the British public. He roused the clergy from their sluggish sleep by pointing out to them that their greatest enemy ought to be their best friend ; that the Government, which held the Church in its hands, was, as Keble stigmatized it, "infidel," "notoriously anti-Christian," and that, while they slumbered, it was busily sowing tares, which would grow up to the destruction of all doctrine. To whom, he appealed, could their Church look if not to them ; her death would be their responsibility. At the beginning of 1838, Newman was gratified to find new symptoms, which seemed to betoken a strange and rapid recovery for the stricken Church of England.

I trust the stimulus [runs a letter dated February 9, 1838] we have been able to give to Churchmen, has been like the application of volatile salts to a person fainting, pungent but restorative. High and true principle there is all through the Church, I fully believe, and this supported and consecrated by our own great writers of the seventeenth century : but from long quiet we were going to sleep. Not a month

passes without one hearing of something gratifying in one part of the kingdom or another. I am quite surprised when I think how things have worked together, and this in minute ways, which none knows but myself. If it be not presumptuous, I should say the hand of God was in it.

Never, for a moment even, did Newman allow the Movement to flag. To stop was to retreat.

I am as full of work as usual [he wrote to his sister in 1836], and I trust it may tell. One never can say beforehand how long one's time is, or how long one shall be honoured with the opportunity of being useful. While, then, my health lasts I wish to employ myself. . . . For what I know, I may in a year or two be cast aside as a broken tool, having done my part. Not that I expect this, but God's ways are so wonderful.

Again, in 1837, to F. Rogers: "I never have had so much important business on my hands at a time as now: the Library of the Fathers, my book on Justification, some tracts and Froude's papers;" and to Bowden in 1838: "I have been quite overwhelmed with business, though, I am thankful to say, not overpowered, for I am particularly well, whatever comes." Like a giant he exulted in his strength. Compromise was absolutely unknown to him: no publisher of his should dictate what should be left out or what should be added: no consequence could deter him from acting up to the principles he laid down: with him divine truth was ever a sacred thing, and of human spicing, an element so foreign to its nature as speedily to corrupt it, he would have none. Thus, by Newman's unflinching steadfastness, minds steeped in Liberal thought soon became saturated with doctrines they once detested as emanating from Satan: men had no longer a conscientious objection to baptism as if it were merely a question of vaccination, and the idea spread that the Church could not be a State-made institution, but was above King, Parliament, or Empire, and therefore independent of them: then the Holy Eucharist, so long scoffed at as idolatrous, contained a Real Presence, which was to be adored, It was a Sacrament to be partaken of as a Living Bread, a Sacrifice to be participated in as Calvary repeated: and Tradition was seen to be needful just as the Bible, and to cut off Tradition from the Bible was not to prune the Truth but to lay the axe to its root. Dogma after dogma did Englishmen learn, and so strong became the Movement that Newman felt that the pillars of

Liberalism were beginning to shake at their foundation. Just when Newman, however, was at the zenith of his power, when he had succeeded in persuading numerous minds throughout the country to accept the doctrines of his belief, when his hopes were highest for the future of the Church of England, it dawned upon him for the first time that he was engaged in a useless struggle, that by parentage, by flesh and blood, and rearing, the Church of England was herself Liberal. The reception of Tract 90, the Jerusalem Bishopric, the refusal of Orders to Mr. Peter Young, Keble's curate, the suspension of Pusey, the degradation of Ward,—events in themselves of passing interest, yet one by one following in quick succession, showed, with unmistakable clearness, the true constitution of the English Church: she was "Liberal" to the backbone. Thus, the followers of the Oxford Movement were as much puzzled, and thrown into as deep dismay as Newman himself. It is true by far the most, though their "poor distracted Church seemed to them in pieces," remained with Keble and Pusey, still many, to whom the true character of Protestantism was now apparent, found further communion with it impossible. Not a few preceded Newman into the fold of Peter; how many have followed and will follow him is beyond the calculation of man.

For Newman's apostolate after his conversion, one word suffices. The forty-five years of his Catholic life were but the reaping of the harvest. It might be said with truth that Newman was never anything else than the Oxford Mover, that he lived and died the Oxford Mover, and that even now, the living power of Newman dead is not as priest or Cardinal, but is due to his part in the Oxford Movement. Of his works, which have opened the eyes of such great numbers to the light of faith, the *Apologia*, besides being the most popular, has been by far the most influential, and yet what else is it, even though it was written twenty years after his submission to the Catholic Church, than the Oxford pilot on his defence—how he ran his ship along the track indicated by the Protestant charts, how he collided against hidden rocks, which the navigators of the seventeenth century had neglected to point out; how the blame lay at the door of the navigators, not at his; how the vessel was so broken that she sank, while he was making every brave and manful effort to save her, and how at last he deserted the wreck and saved himself, reaching port in another's ship—the barque

of Peter, Fisherman and Pope. In Newman's self-portraiture is reflected the doubts and fears and struggles of many another soul: every anxious inquirer after the true faith discovers in the *Apologia* not only much that is sympathetic, but much that is personal: the "rough sea" of the reader was at one time or another the rough sea of the writer, and what was the "port" for the one oftentimes becomes most happily the port for the other.

Yet after all the actual number of converts received into the Church by and through Newman affords no real estimate of his work. The true value of his influence can only be reckoned by determining to what extent he has facilitated the labours of others by preparing England for conversion. Take the effect of the *Apologia* alone. It is "a book," says a Protestant writer of high repute, "which, I venture to say, has done more to break down the English distrust of Roman Catholics and to bring about a hearty goodfellowship between them and the members of the other Churches, than all the rest of religious literature of our time put together." Yet here we have but a fraction of Newman's power for good. By his deep earnestness, his transparent honesty, his touching humility, no less than by the respect due to the judgment of an intellect so profound, Newman has razed to the ground a mountain of prejudice and bigotry: "Broadmindedness" is the cry of to-day: fifty years ago the air resounded with "No Popery." Insular as England is, slow as is the English character,—to be mainly instrumental in removing the deep-seated hatred of centuries is to accomplish a work we all may in some degree appreciate, but its exact computation were better left to our children's children.

The labours of Campion, brief as they were, terminated in a like happy result. He thrust England into a storm that it might enjoy the longer calm. It is true he was strongly supported: more than a hundred Douai priests, imbued with the spirit of Cardinal Allen, had already put their hands to the plough, and to Father Parsons must be given his due meed of honour and praise. Nevertheless, it was Campion who dominated the night which had fallen upon the Church in England. Elizabeth's policy was to wait. Certainly severe penalties had been inflicted upon Catholics for not conforming to the new religion, but up to 1580 the Elizabethan persecution as such, could scarcely be said to have begun. The Queen's

patient tactics were eminently successful. "In her ecclesiastical policy Elizabeth trusted mainly to time, and time justified her trust," writes Greene. If recusants were brought to trial for non-compliance with the law, the utmost caution had to be taken lest they should come in too large numbers and so reveal their strength. Many a chiding did the commissioners receive for their over-zeal, and so warily did the Government advance the interests of the State religion, that it was even forbidden for some little time to arraign Catholics for their faith. Rigorous then as was the punishment which fell upon many, the general application of Elizabeth's persecuting code might be rightly considered as a "system of quiet compulsion and conciliation." The Act of Uniformity was, as it were, a cordon, which the Queen drew round the city of God: its penalties were her artillery, threatening terrible doom; but slow starvation was her method of siege. She filled the places of the Marian priesthood with ministers after her own mind and heart; she pulled down and smashed to pieces, or burnt as rubbish, everything that might foster the memory of the ancient faith; she appropriated the cathedrals and churches, and thus robbing the Catholics of all public devotion, depriving them of life as a community, she dealt a death-blow to individual belief. Years of waiting had wrought disaster. Already large numbers, especially in the towns—as indeed it must always be under such circumstances, with no priesthood to teach, to warn, to guide, to encourage—either showed no concern whatever for their faith, or actually apostatized. Elizabeth had succeeded beyond success. If succour did not come at once the Church seemed doomed. That timely aid, however, Blessed Edmund Campion gave. His was only the fulfilment of the office of any priest—preaching, offering sacrifice, attending the sick, consoling the dying, absolving from sin, reconciling the unfaithful to the bosom of the faithful, strengthening the weak and invigorating the strong with the Bread of Life: but Campion was no ordinary priest. The mere sight of the man emboldened the Catholics, while the knowledge of his arrival terrified the Government, and even, it is said, frightened Elizabeth. Grand as were his natural gifts, his real power was in that ardent love of the truth, that supernatural fire, which burning in his own soul, enkindled a like love in the hearts of Christ's flock. It is evidence enough, that after the first Jesuit missionary journey, Parsons found that though he

himself might go up to London, he dared not allow Campion to set foot near, to show who was the chief dread of the Government, who was labouring the more abundantly. The firm confidence of Campion's faith—a confidence such as he revealed in his famous "Brag and Challenge,"—not only bade Catholics take heart again, but drove the Government to despair. New measures were necessary to meet new dangers. Elizabeth's passive policy was at an end. Though, it is true, the immediate aim of Campion's mission was to steel the souls of his countrymen to face the fearful fate of a "traitor," his highest praise, his greatest glory rests on this—that in his brief apostolate he had accomplished so much, had so changed the outlook of Catholicism that he compelled Elizabeth to rush to extremities and thereby became the direct cause of a bloody persecution, which continued through a hundred years. Thus did Campion's apostolic work stretch beyond the living to a far-off posterity, and thus according to the maxim, ancient as Christianity, "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of faith," did Campion become the saviour of his Church.

A survey of the sufferings borne by Blessed Edmund Campion and Cardinal Newman for their belief, shows another common point in their careers:—as the former stood before the bar of English justice for his life, so did the latter stand for his honour's sake. And viewing the trials of the two Churchmen, is it too much to say that, when lawyers inaugurate another method of classification of judicial procedure, the record of each case will find its way to the same pigeon-hole? Are not these trials joined together as one of the foulest taints upon the fairest trait of British rule? If the conduct of the two judges be weighed, it would be difficult to decide on whose side the balance of injustice turns. Though Blessed Edmund Campion's death was nothing short of State-murder, the temper of those times was excessively cruel, and moreover, to accentuate that cruelty, the hatred against the adherents of the ancient faith was as universally rife, as it was diabolical in kind. There is much therefore to be alleged in attenuation of the guilt of Chief Justice Wray's criminal injustice. With Lord Campbell, however, the matter stands wholly different, for did not Lord Campbell live when Catholics had been emancipated thirty years: had not Lord Campbell before his eyes the action of Chief Justice Wray: had not Lord Campbell scrutinized the

circumstances of Campion's case and commented on the verdict: and did not the disgrace, which had in consequence fallen upon the high office and name of his predecessor stare Lord Campbell in the face? "Wray," we read, was "a man who in criminal proceedings exhibited calmness and forbearance, and abstained from all show of intemperance and impartiality; an appearance of virtue, Lord Campbell suggests, dexterously assumed by him for the purpose of obtaining convictions against the parties arraigned." In so far as honesty is in question Campbell has the advantage—he certainly made no attempt to hide his partiality.

Though Newman brought a large number of witnesses to support his statements [this is a Protestant, not a Catholic, pronouncement] the British jury, directed by the late Lord Campbell, was not disposed to be satisfied with evidence which ran counter to the Protestant tradition of the day. The general impression even of non-Catholic culture at the time was not favourable to the impartiality of Lord Campbell's charge, but it fell in with the temper of the middle classes of that day and gave the jury a good excuse for their verdict, that the main accusations had not been justified to their satisfaction.

Lord Campbell's honesty has saved him little,—in spite of his condemnation of the Elizabethan judge, Wray and Campbell are names which will stand together, even as Campion and Newman.

With reference to the mental sufferings of Newman, if "martyr" they make him, it is evident that the title is not his in the literal sense that it belongs to Blessed Edmund Campion. "Because his religion was treason," Campion was dragged from the Tower to Tyburn and there hanged, drawn, and quartered. Yet shall anyone tell how much less of anguish there was in that one hour's sadness and sorrow unto death in the Garden of Olives, than in the three hours of physical torture on Calvary? May not Newman, then, in his sorrowful passage from darkness unto light, have undergone pain as intense as that caused by rack and rope and butcher's knife? Assuredly when Canon William Barry, D.D., writes, "We may believe witnesses, it used to be taught, who have died for their testimony. Newman was a living martyr," we cannot trace in his statement the vestige of exaggeration.

In order that the exquisiteness of Newman's agony may

be known, it is necessary to understand the temperament of his soul. It has been well said that Newman was possessed of a "nature singularly sensitive to the pangs of lacerated feelings and wounded affections." This beautiful description we believe to be as exact as its conciseness allows. To think, however, that Newman's "singular sensitiveness" implies an over-readiness to take offence, or any moroseness at the opposition and the rash and false judgments, which a man in his position could not escape, were to fall into a grievous error. If there was anything in which Newman rejoiced, it was opposition; while as for the misconstruction of his words and acts, he accepted it as the necessary complement of his responsible office, and save where the cause of truth was involved, he calmly ignored it. Granting, with Newman, that his sensitiveness was a weakness, we assert, nevertheless, that there are infirmities without dishonour, infirmities which arise from the refinement and nobility of the soul, and which are the greater the more these high qualities are perfected. Newman, then, was singularly sensitive because he was profoundly sympathetic, intensely affectionate, and pre-eminently human. He served God, not with the love of a seraph, which is an order to itself, and which needs not to go beyond God and itself for its sufficiency, but with a love which, though whole-hearted, yet yearns for other love according to that two-fold law of charity made for man and not for angel. Witness the note appended by Newman to a letter he sent to Keble on the death of a friend. "John William Bowden died September 5, 1844. I sobbed bitterly over his coffin that he had left me still dark as to what the way of truth was, and what I ought to do in order to please God and fulfil His will.—J.H.N." Who of men could help but love a man who loved so well, who had so exalted a conception of the sacredness of friendship, who was so truly human? Weakness it may be called, but deprive Newman of his sensitiveness, and you take away the most endearing trait of his character. While his singleness of purpose commands our admiration, his courage our praise, his colossal intelligence our reverence, his chief charm springs from the strength and sincerity of his affection.

The recognition of this phase of Newman's soul at once suggests the bitterness he had to endure in the change of his religion. Newman was well aware that his influence had been very great, but, as it often happens in similar cases, what immense numbers had trusted him and were entirely dependent

upon him, was brought home to him only when he felt compelled to forsake them, only when he became conscious that he could no longer abide with them in the Church of England. Gladly had his followers accepted his premisses, but his inferences confounded them. Not a few among them thought that Newman had betrayed them : as if he had beguiled them step by step up the mountain-side of dogma, had made their hearts rejoice in its pure exhilarating air, only to place them at the summit on the brink of a fearful abyss, the depth of which turned them dizzy and rendered their foothold uncertain. And no wonder ! Sixty years ago, be it remembered, Romanism was as hateful to the English mind as the Druidism of the savage Briton, and a mother who could pity, defend, forgive and love the scapegrace of the family, would not unfrequently seal her heart altogether against the son, whose only crime was that his conscience forced him to transfer his spiritual allegiance from the English Sovereign to the Pope of Rome. Newman was fully alive to the gravity of the situation, and his one poignant grief arose from the painful plight of his friends. In those agonizing letters which passed between Newman and his sister during the few months previous to his reception into the Church, he mentions scarcely another source of sorrow.

The one predominant distress upon me [he writes] has been this unsettlement of mind I am causing. This is a thing that has haunted me day by day. And for days I had a literal pain in and about my heart. . . .

Besides the pain of unsettling people, of course I feel the loss I am undergoing in the good opinions of my friends and well-wishers, though I can't tell how much I feel this. It is the shock, surprise, terror, forlornness, disgust, scepticism to which I am giving rise ; the differences of opinion, division of families—all this it is that makes my heart ache.

Thus it is, letter after letter, page after page : but instead of the pain abating as when the brain is dulled by continued physical suffering, each day which brought Newman nearer to his conversion saw his agony increase. At length came the death struggle. His sister, overcome with dread at the impending calamity, sends in frenzied grief her last hopeful pleading :—he cannot stay longer for his friends' sake, may he not wait a little for sake of her ?

You imagine rightly in thinking the communication at the end of your letter would give me a great deal of pain. I can think of nothing else since, and yet seem to be without the power of writing to you. Yet I can hardly say why it is so, for I am far from taken by surprise: indeed, I have been dreading to hear something of this sort for some time past. You have sufficiently warned me of it. Yet I have so much sanguineness in my composition that I always hope the worst misfortunes may be averted till they are irremediable. And what can be worse than this? It is like hearing some dear friend must die. I cannot shut my eyes to this overpowering event that threatens any longer. What the consequences may be I know not. O dear John, can you have thought long enough before deciding on a step which, with its probable effects, may plunge so many into confusion and dismay? I know what you will answer—that nothing but the risk of personal salvation would lead you to it: and I quite believe it. I know you have had all along the greatest regard for others, and acted upon it for some time past. But think what must be our feelings who cannot entertain your views, but can only deplore it as a grievous mistake: and I do feel bitterly how many good sort of people would not do you justice, but judge you very hardly indeed! It is a real pain and grief to think of you as severed from us, as it were, by your own sentence.

When Blessed Edmund Campion, after his condemnation, had returned to his cell, a lady was permitted to visit him. It was the last interview between brother and sister, and it was her last hope—a sister's supplication to be spared the shame and ignominy of witnessing her brother die a traitor's death. The grace of martyrdom does not mitigate the sacrifice, but merely gives the soul strength to resist and overcome. In Newman's reply to his sister, we read how complete was his sacrifice, how intense the anguish it entailed.

I have just received your very painful letter, and wish I saw any way of making things easier to you or to myself.

If I went by what I wished, I should complete my seven years of waiting. Surely more than this, or as much, cannot be expected of me—cannot be right in me to give at my age. How life is going! I see men dying who were boys, almost children, when I was born. Pass a very few years and I am an old man. What means of judging can I have more than I have? What maturity of mind am I to expect? If I am right to move at all, surely it is high time not to delay about it longer. Let me give my strength to the work, not my weakness—years in which I can profit the cause which calls me, not the dregs of life. Is it not like a death-bed repentance to put off what one feels one ought to do?

As to my convictions I can but say what I have told you already, that I cannot at all make out *why* I should determine on moving except as thinking I should offend God by not doing so. I cannot make out what I am *at* except on this supposition. At my time of life men love ease. I love ease myself. I am giving up a maintenance involving no duties and adequate to all my wants. What in the world am I doing this for (I ask *myself* this) except that I think that I am called to do so? I am making a large income by my sermons. I am, to say the very least, risking this: the chance is that my sermons will have no further sale at all. I have a good name with many: I am deliberately sacrificing it. I had a bad name with more. I am fulfilling their worst wishes, and giving them their most coveted triumph. I am distressing all I love, unsettling all I have instructed or aided. I am going to those whom I do not know and of whom I expect very little. I am making myself an outcast, and that at my time of life. Oh, what can it be but a stern necessity which causes this?

Pity me, my dear *Jemima*. What have I done thus to be deserted, thus to be left to take a wrong course, if it is wrong? I began by defending my own Church with all my might when others would not defend her. I in a fair measure succeed. At the very time of this success, before any reverse, in the course of my reading it breaks upon me that I am in a schismatical Church. I oppose myself to the notion: I write against it,—year after year I write against it, and I do my utmost to keep others in the Church. From the time my doubts come upon me I begin to live more strictly: and really from that time to this I have done more towards my improvement, as far as I can judge, than in any time of my life. Of course I have all through had many imperfections, and might have done every single thing I have done much better than I have done it. Make all deductions on this score, still, after all, may I not humbly trust that I have not so acted as to forfeit God's gracious guidance? And how is it that I have improved in other points, if in respect to this momentous matter I am so fearfully blinded?

So the letter runs. Money, position, honours, friends, relations—all he possesses, all he loves and cares for is being taken from him. Newman sees in it the desolation of death, and with the abandon of a martyr he throws himself upon his God.

Continually do I pray [we quote from the same letter] that He would discover to me if I am under a delusion: what can I do more? What hope have I but in Him? To whom should I go? Who can do me any good? Who can speak a word of comfort but He? Who is there but looks on me with a sorrowful face?—but He can lift up the

light of His countenance upon me. All is against me—may He not add Himself as my adversary? May He tell me, may I listen to Him, if His will is other than I think it to be.

In the above pages we have attempted no more than to show the agreement in the careers of Blessed Edmund Campion and Cardinal Newman. We have kept, as far as was consistent with the elucidation of facts, entirely to the exterior. The curious reader might be led to inquire whether the comparison ends here, or whether, as gold on the surface might indicate gold in the earth's breast, underlying the coincidence of their careers, their characters, the workings of their mind and heart, bear any similarity? It is a question we hope some day to answer.

THOMAS WRIGHT.

The Bishop and the Beggar.

IT was high festival in the ancient cathedral city. All about the doors of our Lady's shrine a dense crowd was gathered, waiting for the return of the annual procession. Far above their heads, the quaint gables of the houses, lighted up by the bright spring sunshine, rose towards the clear, blue sky. Suddenly there was a stir round the doorway; and the throng parted and fell back, as the chant of hymns was borne upon the frosty air, and the long procession of clergy began to draw near, among them the venerable Bishop, still stately and erect, despite his years. As he passed along the line, the people whispered one to another; and some were even bold enough to press towards him, hoping that they might get his blessing. But Bishop Hugo, a saintly and an austere man, paid no heed to all this, but passed on his way, his lips moving as if in prayer, and the pale face under his mitre calm and still as that of the dead. For though the aged Bishop was famed far and near for his holy and spotless life, there were men who dared to whisper that he was cold, and somewhat stern. None—not the most hardened scoffer—presumed to breathe a word against his piety, or to hint that he failed in a single duty belonging to his high office. But sinners did not flock to him, nor little children willingly run to him, as he walked the streets, a being solitary and apart in his stainless purity: nay, there were even some who said that the sermons of his young chaplain, Anselm, had healed more broken hearts, and drawn more souls to God within the space of one week, than had all the homilies of the good Bishop in his many years of faithful preaching.

All at once, as the procession neared the porch of the cathedral, there was a sudden movement and a murmur among the crowd round the door; and the Bishop raised his eyes from the ground and halted. In the foreground, a zealous attendant was struggling with a tall, gaunt figure, clad in the rags of a beggar; and as Bishop Hugo paused the silence was again broken by

a loud, importunate cry: "Alms, good people, for the love of God!"

Beckoning with his finger to one of his train, the Bishop asked him what this interruption might mean.

"It is Robert of the Mill, my lord," the man answered, "who came yesterday out of the prison yonder, and is now demanding an alms."

"It is a scandal," said the Bishop, frowning heavily, "that a man who has outraged all Christian folk should come here to make this unseemly disturbance, and profane the sanctuary. Go, see to it, Giles, that he be removed forthwith."

The attendant bowed and departed. Presently the beggar was driven roughly from the porch; and the hearts of all present were relieved. For this Robert of the Mill, as he was called, was a desperate and notorious criminal, who had but lately been punished for sacrilege; and none knew to what lengths his despair might carry him; so that all men breathed more freely when this lawless disturber of their peace was removed. And yet Bishop Hugo's heart was heavy within him all through the Vespers which followed; and it was not till he lay down to rest, after a long and toilsome day, that he could shake off a strange feeling of trouble and remorse.

But that night his young chaplain, Anselm, who slept next to the Bishop's chamber, lay awake, thinking of many things. Strange memories floated across his mind of his own early days; of the peaceful cloister in which his boyhood had been passed; of the dreams which, as a youthful chorister, he had cherished, that he might one day minister before the altar of God. And then his thoughts travelled back to the saintly Bishop, his benefactor, and to the procession in which he had taken part that day; and he thanked God that he had been permitted to assist in it. But ever, through all these visions of the past, there rang in his ears the despairing cry of the poor wretch whom he had seen thrust away from the cathedral porch—"Alms! alms, for the love of God!" It was in vain Anselm told himself again and again that the man was a criminal of the blackest dye, who had doubtless come there only to brawl; and that it would have been nothing short of a scandal had such a one been allowed to profane the sanctuary and disturb Christian people at their prayers. The trouble of his spirit would not suffer him to rest; and at length, as the day was breaking, he rose, and drawing back the curtain from

his window, looked out into the street. And then he saw that a strange change had come over the world while he had been sleeping; for from the angle in which his little chamber was placed, which overlooked the courtyard of the palace, he could see the buttresses and pinnacles of the cathedral gleaming beneath a load of snow. The cold light of dawn was creeping into the sky; and as Anselm threw open the casement, he saw how the white mantle shrouded all the sordidness of the street. "*Benedicite omnia opera Domini Domino*," murmured the priest to himself; and drew the curtain with a strange feeling of relief, and a sigh for those poor souls whose obduracy in sin seemed the one blot on this fair face of creation. And then suddenly he recollected that there was a man lying grievously sick whom he had promised to visit early that day; so, although he would fain have stayed indoors—for the snow was falling fast, and the wind rising as though a tempest were at hand—he wrapped a cloak round him, and sallied forth into the streets.

At the corner of a street not far from the cathedral there was a little wayside shrine; and as Anselm drew near it, he perceived the outline of a dark form, half kneeling, half crouching, on the steps which led to it. Even as he gazed, the figure rose; and when he approached, it extended its hand with a hoarse demand for alms. As the chaplain bent forward to comply with the petition, he recognized the sullen face of Robert the beggar, and drew back with a start. The man saw the gesture, and, misinterpreting it, laughed bitterly.

"Ye will have none of me, reverend Father," he said. "I learned that lesson at the church door yesterday."

"Nay, God forbid," Anselm answered, a great pity for the poor wretch before him suddenly filling his heart. And drawing out his purse—though it was but scantily filled—he thrust it into the beggar's hand. "God bless thee, my son," he said, "and keep thee from evil."

The man looked at him for a moment, and the gaunt face worked convulsively.

"May God reward you," he murmured. Then, after a moment's pause: "I thought to curse you all yesterday, when ye thrust me away from the porch yonder."

Anselm drew nearer to the beggar, and laid his hand upon his shoulder. "My son," he said, gently, "cursing never yet brought a blessing. See now, God has sent thee succour, when thou didst think but of breaking His laws."

Robert lifted his head, and gazed at his new friend with a look of hopeless misery in his eyes that went to the chaplain's heart. "Ah, Father," he said, "if all were but as merciful as you! You are not like my lord Bishop yonder, who drives a poor wretch from the door of God's house as though he were a leper."

"My lord Bishop is a saintly man," Anselm answered, gravely; "and doubtless he feared an unseemly disturbance in the sanctuary." For he could not bear, even then, that the least shadow of blame should rest on one whom he so revered.

"I would have made no disturbance," Robert muttered; "I did but come to beg an alms, for I was dying of hunger and cold; but when folk shrink from one as if one had the pestilence, what is a man to do? It is hard to keep from cursing, Father, when one is so hungry."

With a great wave of pity at his heart, Anselm bent once more over the shrinking wretch, and took his hand in his. "My son," he said softly, "thou art sorry—is it not so?"

He felt the bent form quiver sorely under his touch; and the next instant it was shaken by a storm of sobs, amid which the muttered words of assent were scarcely audible. The bowed head was raised at last; and then Anselm, laying one hand again upon the beggar's shoulder, lifted the other and pointed to the crucifix overhead.

"My son," he said, solemnly, "there is the only refuge. If men cast thee out, then go to Him."

The man raised his eyes to his face, with a look of eager questioning which haunted Anselm to his dying day.

"Go to Him," the chaplain repeated, "and pray for me."

"Ah, Father, may God bless you! If I could but repay you for your kindness—if there were aught more that I could do——"

"There is one thing more, my son," the chaplain answered, very gently. "Thou canst pray for the Bishop also."

The bowed form gave an involuntary start, and for a moment the face was upturned to his with a look of great wonder; then Anselm saw the hard lines of the mouth soften suddenly, and the eyes fill with tears.

"Thou wilt do it?" Anselm asked, softly; and raising his hand, he stretched it once more towards the Divine figure which hung over the shrine.

"I will, Father, I will!"

He sank down upon the step again, his head buried in his hands ; and the chaplain went on his way, drawing his cloak around him to shield himself from the heavy flakes of snow which were falling thicker and thicker every moment.

All that day, and the following one, the snowstorm raged : and so bitter was the wind, and so fierce the tempest, that scarce a living soul dared stir out of doors. At such times Anselm was wont to be much with his diocesan, helping him with various matters ; but though on this occasion the Bishop availed himself of his aid as usual, he was strangely silent and abstracted, and complained many times of a growing feeling of weakness and distemper. Towards the evening this became so grievous that his chaplain and those about him with great difficulty persuaded him to take to his chamber ; and the leech who was called in to see him declared his life to be in danger. With a very heavy heart Anselm retired to rest that night ; for the Bishop would by no means suffer him to watch by his bedside, as he had desired to do ; saying that the young had need of rest, and that if he required aught, he would call him.

About the middle of the night, when Anselm had fallen into a troubled sleep, he was awakened by a great and terrible cry, which seemed to come from the Bishop's room. Leaping from his couch, he was already making his way thither, when he heard his own name called by the voice he knew so well, in tones of such distress and deadly fear, that he lost not a moment in obeying the summons.

When Anselm entered the chamber, he found the venerable Bishop sitting up in bed, propped against his pillows ; and upon his face, which was white as that of the marble figure on his predecessor's tomb in the cathedral, there was stamped a look of such sorrow and dismay that the chaplain's heart stood still within him, and he cried out, in sore trouble and perplexity, " My lord, in the name of God and all His saints, what is this ? What evil chance hath befallen you, that you look thus ? "

" Son Anselm," answered the Bishop, " God hath visited me in the visions of the night ; I have been weighed in the balance, and found wanting."

Then Anselm, who knew the Bishop's saintly life, and to whom these words seemed but the scruples of a holy man, strove to soothe him, saying that such thoughts were but idle terrors of the night, if not delusions of the evil one. But still

Bishop Hugo would not be comforted ; and at last the chaplain, seeing that it was vain to seek thus to pacify him, said to him, " My lord, will it not please you to tell me your vision ? It may be that, by God's mercy, your mind may thus be quieted."

" Son Anselm," began the Bishop, " thou must know that, when thou hadst left me, I fell into a deep slumber ; and at length, about the hour of midnight, it seemed to me that I awoke suddenly ; though now I know that it must have been a dream. For methought I lay here in my bed no longer, but stood in a place like unto naught that I had ever before seen, which the words fail me to describe ; but by the wondrous light which shone all around, and dazzled me, I knew that it was a place of glory ; and presently it came upon me with a great terror that I was standing before the Throne of God. And sitting thereon was He who shall one day judge us all, even as He sits in the altarpiece in our cathedral ; but His face was not, as it is there, mild and merciful, but sorrowful and exceeding stern. Then, remembering my unworthiness, and the little I had to offer Him for all the many years of my ministry, I began to be filled with dread. And even while I stood thus affrighted, He who sat upon the Throne called me by my name ; and I made answer, still trembling sorely. And methought He said to me, ' Hugo, what hast thou done with the sheep that I committed to thy care ? What account hast thou to render to Me of thy stewardship ?'

" At those words my tongue clave to my mouth ; but I answered Him humbly, saying, ' Lord, I know I am an unprofitable servant ; nevertheless, I have done my best to feed Thy sheep.'

" But He looked upon me sternly, and said to me, ' The ninety-nine are safe in the fold ; but what hast thou done with that which was lost ? Why hast thou offended these My little ones ? The bruised reed I did not break, and the smoking flax I did not quench ; but thou hast denied mercy to him who would have sought it in My name. And he that cometh unto Me, I will not cast out ; but thou hast driven him from the door of My house. Repent, therefore, of thy sins ; for thou shalt surely die.'

" Then, full of terror, I fell upon my face, and besought Him to have mercy. And He spoke to me again, saying, ' Had it not been for one who prays for thee, thy life had been required

of thee this night ; but, because of his intercession, a year has been granted thee for repentance.'

"Then, marvelling greatly, I asked Him who this might be. And He answered me, 'It is Robert the beggar, whom thou didst thrust yesterday from the cathedral door.'

"At this I cried out in great wonder, saying : 'Lord, this man is a blasphemer and a malefactor.' And He answered, 'He was all this ; but in his trouble he came to Me, and I forbade him not. And now he has interceded for thee, and his prayer has been heard, that thou mayest know that I can call My saints from the lazar-house and the dungeon, as well as from the cloister and the shrine.'

"And while I bowed my head in awe and sorrow, methought the vision vanished, and I found myself lying once more in my bed. And now, my son, thou hast heard the dream ; and thou knowest what cause I have to mourn, seeing that all these years I have rendered my Master unprofitable service, and that in His name I have wounded one of His little ones."

"Nay, my lord," answered the chaplain, with tears in his eyes, "rather give thanks to God, who hath dealt wonderfully with you, and hath shown to you, and to us all, a great miracle of His grace. For surely it is in love, not in wrath, that He hath sent you this vision."

But the Bishop would not be comforted for anything that he could say, nor would he rest again that night until he had given orders that on the following day men were to seek out Robert the beggar, wherever he might be, and bring him straightway to the palace, that he might make amends to him for his great wrong. For he said that he should never sleep in peace until he had done penance for his fault, and received the beggar's forgiveness.

Next morning, accordingly, as soon as the day had broken, Anselm called together the Bishop's people, and went out with them through the streets of the city, where the snow now lay thickly, to find him whom they sought. Street after street they searched, but they found no sign of him for whom they looked ; nor did they meet with any who could guide them, for so fearful had been the night that none who could avoid it would stir out of doors. At last, when they had almost given up the quest in despair, they chanced to pass the wayside shrine where Anselm had had his meeting with the beggar ; and, as he cast his eyes upon it, it seemed to

the chaplain as if he saw something lying amid the snow. And when they hastened towards it, they perceived that it was in truth him whom they were seeking ; but he was past any earthly aid, for he lay there dead, half shrouded by the driven snow, with a smile upon his lips ; and his face was full of a great peace.

Then Anselm, between thankfulness and sorrow, bade the men take up Robert's body and bear it to the palace, and he himself followed behind. And when they had reached the palace, he went in to the Bishop and told him the news. But when Bishop Hugo heard that the beggar was dead, he was filled with despair and wept bitterly, reproaching himself that by his hasty deed he had caused the death of a fellow-creature, and had sealed his own condemnation. For he said that surely God was wroth with him and had rejected his repentance, seeing that He had not suffered him to make atonement for his sin. And it was in vain that the chaplain strove to console him, saying : " My lord, I beseech you, mourn not thus bitterly, for God knows your heart ; and if He hath found our brother before He put it into our thoughts to seek him, surely it is not for us to grieve."

But the Bishop would not listen to his words, nor receive any comfort. All the day he continued to mourn and lament, and he lay down to rest that night in great heaviness of spirit, saying that on the morrow he would have Mass said for the beggar's soul.

But when, on the following morning, Anselm went to his diocesan, expecting to find him still sorrowful and downcast, he saw, to his great happiness, that a marvellous change had come over him ; for there had come into his eyes a look of wondrous joy and contentment, and his face was as the face of a little child. And while the chaplain marvelled, he said to him, " Son Anselm, rejoice with me, for my heart is no longer heavy. For He whom you wot of has visited me in the night, and comforted me." And when Anselm had given thanks to God, the Bishop began to tell him his vision, as follows :

" When thou hadst left me, my son, I lay awake till midnight was past, bewailing my sin in great anguish of mind. But then, suddenly, methought a heavy slumber fell upon me ; and with the slumber a dream came to me, wherein I beheld the same things that I had seen the night before. And yet in a way I thought that they were not the same ; for the Figure on the Throne was indeed there, but the look upon His countenance

was changed ; it was no longer that of the Judge before whom I had trembled, but the face of Him whom we behold daily in the great picture which hangs in my chapel—the face of the Good Shepherd as He goes to find His sheep. And then, as I looked, I perceived that His gaze was turned upon another who knelt before the Throne ; and I saw that it was Robert the beggar. And I beheld Him who sat upon the Throne stretch out His hand and raise him up.

“Then, as I stood there trembling, methought I heard His voice speak to me ; and it was stern no longer, but exceeding sweet. And it said to me, ‘Fear not, Hugo ; because thou didst seek the sheep that was lost, thou shalt one day rejoice with the Shepherd. Use therefore well the year which is given thee ; and what I have cleansed, call not thou unclean.’”

A year went by from our Lady’s feast ; and the good folk of the city marvelled greatly at the change in their Bishop ; for the talk went forth that he who had always been revered for his holy life and the austerities which he practised, had now become a saint in very truth. But above all things they praised him for the exceeding love and tenderness which he showed to all sinners and criminals, and such as had strayed from the right path. And so the year passed on until it came to the anniversary of Robert’s death, when the Bishop was to say Mass for his soul in a new church which he had caused to be built on the spot where they had found him. And on the morning of that day Anselm, going into Bishop Hugo’s room upon some errand, found him lying dead, with a smile upon his face ; and he fell on his knees and gave thanks to God.

And that is the legend of the little chapel which stands now on the site of the wayside shrine where the beggar’s body was found. In the chancel there are two tombs ; one is a humble one, with no effigy ; and this is the grave of Robert the beggar. And upon the other is the figure of a Bishop in his mitre ; and there Bishop Hugo sleeps in peace, awaiting his Lord. And above the high altar is a window, the sight of which has perplexed many sorely who have gazed thereon, knowing naught of the story of the place. For on the upper part is painted the figure of the Good Shepherd ; and on His shoulders He bears the sheep that was lost. And on the lower one men may see the vision of the Apostle Peter ; and underneath are written the words : *Quod Deus purificavit, tu commune ne dixeris.*

T. ELLIOT RANKEN.

Flotsam and Jetsam.

Misquotation as a Fine Art.

As we all know, Protestant controversialists of a certain stamp have no more favourite weapon than a method of citation which makes men whom all Catholics respect, and whose authority they acknowledge, appear as damning witnesses against the Church. It is always claimed on such occasions that the truth of their utterances as cited is unimpeachable, since no single word is introduced which the witness in question did not actually use. It is always found, however, upon examination of the original, if this can happily be identified, that while this is so, and the words are there, sure enough, they have been dexterously made to simulate a meaning quite different from that intended by their authors, or even the direct opposite.

An instructive sample of this species of legerdemain has lately been furnished in the columns of a provincial newspaper, where a Master of Arts of Cambridge, who modestly remains anonymous, has cast in the teeth of Catholics a cynical account of the mode in which conversions to Protestantism are effected, which one Dr. Isaacson vouches for as being given by no less an authority than Cardinal Wiseman, and the accuracy of which, we are assured, cannot be impugned, it being copied from the original—as follows :

The history in every case is simply this, that the individual by some chance or other, probably through the ministry of some pious person—became possessed of the Word of God—the Bible—and that he perused that Book, that he could not find in it Transubstantiation, or Auricular Confession ; that he could not discover in it one word of purgatory or venerating images. He perhaps goes to the priest, and tells him that he cannot find these doctrines in the Bible ; his priest argues with him, and endeavours to convince him that he should shut up the Book that is leading him astray ; he perseveres, he abandons the communion of the Church of Rome, or as it is commonly expressed, the errors of the Church, and becomes a Protestant.

If we turn to the Cardinal's own words, the reference to which is fortunately given,¹ we find, as any reader of ordinary intelligence will have anticipated, that he is here describing the story of his "conversion," as told by the ex-Catholic himself. Of such accounts, given by men of any intellectual distinction, there are, says the Cardinal, very few, and in all which he has come across "there is a sad meagreness of reasoning." "Indeed [he goes on], they all, without exception, give me but one argument. The history, in every case, is simply this"—and the rest as we have heard.

Moreover, at the end of the passage quoted, Wiseman adds certain remarks, which neither Dr. Isaacson, nor "M.A. (Cantab)" have thought it necessary to mention, namely :

Now through all this process, the man was a Protestant ; from the beginning he started with the principle, that whatsoever is not in that book, cannot be true in religion, or an article of faith—and that is the principle of Protestantism. He took Protestantism, therefore, for granted, before he began to examine the Catholic doctrine. He set out with the supposition that whatever is not in the Bible is no part of God's truth ; *he* does not find certain things in the Bible, and he concludes that, *therefore*, the religion that holds these is not the true religion of Christ. The work was done before.

Here we have, therefore, but another instance to show that just as Wiseman found all accounts of conversions to Protestantism to be stamped with one and the same essential character, so we learn by experience to anticipate one and the same fatal flaw in the evidence alleged as being furnished by Catholic writers against the Church, namely that, by omitting what is essential to its right understanding, it utterly perverts the sense of the passage it affects to quote, in a manner which can be acquitted of conscious dishonesty only on the plea of ignorance, or recklessness scarcely less discreditable. J. G.

Grounds of Faith.

As to the motives by which converts are led to the true faith, Cardinal Wiseman has some observations in the same lecture we have quoted, which deserve to be borne in mind. After speaking of the process of conversion, he thus continues :

And this leads me to another reflection of no mean importance. It is extremely common to ask an untutored Catholic on what grounds

¹ *Lectures on the Principal Doctrines and Practices of the Catholic Church*, 1836, vol. i. pp. 18, 19.

he became, or is, a Catholic; and it will often appear that the answer which he gives is not logical or satisfactory. It probably is not so to you; but mark—while he answers the questions, he is not giving you *the grounds* on which he believes the doctrines of the Catholic Church, he is only giving you the motives which brought him, or bind him to it; and these are as different, as diverse, as the affections, the pursuits, and the characters of individuals. You have not in your mind the key necessary to understand the force of these motives which influenced him. But it is not on their strength that he believes in Transubstantiation: it is not on that ground—whatever it be—that he believes in auricular confession, or that he practises it. He is not giving you, therefore, the grounds of his belief; he is giving you the reasons by which he was led to satisfactory inquiries regarding the grounds of faith. And this is certainly remarkable, that in everyone who has embraced the Catholic religion, whatever was his difficulty in first receiving it, whatever may have been the first obstacle to his complete conviction, when once he has embraced and received it, it takes as strong a hold upon his affection and thoughts, as it could have done if he had been educated in it from his infancy. It is, if I may illustrate it by a comparison, like a shoot or slip, which is forced into the ground, and requires a certain degree of violence for the purpose. It must be by a sharp and wounding point that it is made to penetrate the hard surface of the earth, but no sooner has it once been there placed, than it sends forth shoots, to go and suck the nourishment on every side; and the earth that has so received it, closes and entwines itself around it, and becomes kindly and attached to it; so that if you should wish after a short time to root it up, you must rend and tear that earth in pieces, into which originally it seemed to be driven against its will.

“A fugitive and cloister’d virtue.”

What motives inspire the fanatical Protestants who clamour for inspection of convents? An unintelligent hatred of everything “Popish,” in the first place, and, secondly, a complete misunderstanding of the ideal of the religious state. That misunderstanding, unhappily, is not confined to the misguided fanatics just mentioned, but is found in members of the Church as well, people who despise or frankly dislike religious vocations, who consider a cloistered life a waste of existence, and the desire of it a sign of a cowardly or weak character. There is a celebrated passage in Milton’s *Areopagitica*, which is often taken to support this view. “I cannot praise,” he says,

a fugitive and cloister’d virtue, unexercis’d and unbreath’d, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race, where that

immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat. Assuredly we bring not innocence into the world, we bring impurity much rather; that which purifies us is triall, and triall is by what is contrary.¹

These ringing words of the great poet embody a sound ascetical principle, which, after all, was no discovery of Milton's, but may be found frequently inculcated in Holy Writ. But it is a principle which has met with much misunderstanding and misapplication. Milton, in the supposed interests of right doctrine, would have no check whatever placed upon the dissemination of falsehood in the Christian commonwealth, the "scanning of error" being *necessary* in his opinion for the "confirmation of truth." How false that opinion is needs little proof. One's conviction that the earth is round may be quite absolute, although one has not considered the arguments of those who think it is flat. To know the facts of geography or science, one does not need to weigh and reject all the false notions that have been broached. We do, indeed, often advance by the method of trial and error: still, truth can be grasped directly and immediately, if supported by the necessary evidence. Milton's application of the principle, therefore, is too absolute: if consistent, he would be compelled to approve of the publications of the Rationalist Press, as in effect an aid to orthodoxy. The "scanning of error" may be sometimes useful for the "confirmation of truth;" it is rarely necessary; it may often be prejudicial. After all, our acquisition of Divine knowledge should be governed by the same common-sense rules as regulate the acquisition of profane. Right principles should be grasped first, before we consider false ones: the antidote should be provided before we risk the poison.

In matters of morals no less than of faith, the phrase, "a fugitive and cloister'd vertue"—is apt to be misapplied. Led away by mere analogies, thinking, perhaps, of

a spear, of grain
Storm-strengthen'd on a windy site,

of the war-tried veteran, of the general superiority of experience over theory, men come to imagine that "cloister'd vertue" is no virtue at all. "Why renounce the world," they ask, "before you know how attractive it is? Wait, and your sacrifice will be better worth the making, for you will then

¹ Arber's reprint, p. 45.

know what you are giving up." Such men do not realize that it is quite enough for the soul chosen by God for special service to know what it is going to *receive*. It knows *à priori*, with a certainty that experience could not strengthen, that nothing the world can offer could outweigh what God actually gives.

There is, in fact, a double fallacy read into Milton's phrase. The first is that virtue consists primarily in resisting the allurements of the creature, whereas its whole essence is in yielding to the allurements of the Creator. The soul that clings to God is virtuous, whether or not it has had to resist the counter-attraction of the things of earth. Otherwise God, in freeing His Blessed Mother and certain of His Saints from, for instance, the stings of concupiscence, would have done them an injury, not a favour. And, otherwise, the Blessed in Heaven, whose love of God can suffer no possible assault, would not be really possessed of virtue. Similarly, a man's love for his wife may be perfectly sound and sincere, even though he does not feel, nor has ever felt, inclined to love any one else. And a soldier may be absolutely fearless, and yet never have had occasion to exhibit his courage.

The second fallacy is that in fleeing to the cloister, the soul necessarily passes beyond the reach of temptation. In this case, too, few words of explanation are necessary for disproof. Temptation is essentially an interior struggle of the will between two "goods," presented to it by the intellect or imagination—the good of serving God, and the good, in the particular instance, of gratifying natural inclination. Now, all the materials for that struggle are present in the remotest desert or the most secret cell; we cannot escape it, except by so loving God that all other goods are infinitesimal in comparison. It is true that many of the grosser forms of solicitation to vice are avoided in Religion, but temptation is not less formidable because more subtle. Man's three enemies are with him everywhere. The Flesh is laid aside only in the tomb, the World is present in memory if not in fact, and as for the Devil—the enclosure has yet to be invented that *he* will not violate. Temptation is, in fact, too useful to be excluded from the cloister. "Son, coming to the service of God," says Ecclesiasticus, . . . "prepare thy soul for temptation." For, though temptation does not create virtue, it proves and strengthens and makes it more actual. We may be clinging to the guide's rope as we ascend the mountain, but our grasp becomes much more real when we slip

into a crevasse. Whilst maintaining that virtue, untried by temptation, is not necessarily on that account weak and suspect [just as there can be perfect bodily health, though the frame has never been assailed by a single microbe], still, in the designs of Providence, we realize that temptation is the means ordained of bringing home to us whether our virtue is real or not, and whether we are making progress. "Occasions," says à Kempis, "do not make a man weak [or strong], but show him what he is." And as for meeting such occasions, although the act of self-renunciation involved in the vows of religion is made in a moment or so, still its application in detail is the work of a lifetime. And so, to flee the world and enter the cloister is not "to slink out of the race," but to strive after a more glorious garland under circumstances that call for much greater spiritual activity. In religion, the soldier, to use another metaphor, is not content with defending the central citadel: he advances outworks in every direction to keep the enemy as far from the fort as possible. Consequently his labour is vastly multiplied as the area he has to guard is widened. There is peace, no doubt, in the cloister, but it is a peace obtained by many a struggle and secured by a constant readiness for war. God's Providence arranges, we venture to say, that there shall be no such thing, rightly understood, as a "fugitive and cloister'd virtue."

J. K.

Is it Queen Mary?

There is a remarkable exhibition of Old Masters this winter at Burlington House. There are a few masterpieces, and many that have interest of one kind or another. A great number by Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Hoppner; so many that any amateur may with a little attention make considerable progress in his appreciation even of the subtleties of the art of these great English masters. Moreover, there is a whole room full of Hogarths! However, it is not to them that attention is here drawn, but a certain portrait of Queen Mary Tudor by Lucas de Heere (1534—1584), the property of Sir Cuthbert Quilter. If it be really her, our ideas of her appearance will need readjustment.

We possess four great portraits of Queen Mary. In the Holbein at Oxford she is a girl of about twenty. In the next she is about eight-and-twenty. The third and fourth, by Sir Antonio More, are, respectively in the Prado and in the Hall of the Society of Antiquaries; both represent her as Queen. Miss Stone¹ has reproduced the first, second, and third of these. They all agree as to the features, which are regular and handsome, rather than delicate or sensitive. In the early pictures the contour of the mouth seems that of a girl who is not less gentle in manner than firm in character, though if the two came into conflict, gentleness would predominate. In the pictures of her as Queen, the ratio of firmness to gentleness has changed. They are still both there, but, if they were to draw in opposite directions, firmness would immediately prevail.

Lucas de Heere's picture is painted with the hand of a Flemish master of the first class. It is what is called a "convincing" likeness. One cannot doubt that the artist had grasped the character of his sitter, and that he had skill enough to set before us even any subtle play of character which he noticed on the girl's face. In fact, he portrays a young person, dressed, indeed, very much as Mary dressed for her other portraits, and the face at first sight is like hers; not exactly, indeed, but perhaps such as she might have had while passing through some phases of her troubled youth, before her character was formed. But though the character is colourless and unformed, as we look at her closely her chances of developing into the Mary Tudor of history seem to fade away. She has heavy bulging eye-lids; Mary's were never like that. The mouth in both cases is long, but we miss Queen Mary's straight, strong upper lip. More decisive still is a slight unevenness in the eyes, her left eye (when your attention is attracted to it) being evidently higher than the right.

If this be really Mary, she was according to physiognomy of a milder nature than any friend has yet represented her. But, is it Mary? There is no name on the picture, no ancient tradition is spoken of in the ample description given in the catalogue. Several critics have lately questioned the identification, and they seem to have reason on their side.

J. H. P.

¹ Mary the First Queen of England.

A Venerable Blunder.

The Society of Jesus is used, by this time, to having the true scope and spirit of its Constitutions magisterially expounded by outsiders who, in proposing their theories, do not stop to consider the evidence to the contrary advanced by those most concerned. Still, it may not be amiss to record a recent attempt in this direction by an Anglican divine, not with any desire to repeat the scathing exposure made of his errors by Father Gerard in the *Tablet* for December 28th, but for the purpose of illustrating the strange obliquity of mental vision which prejudice can induce, even in a person trained in historical methods, and possessed, we doubt not, with a sincere love of truth. Briefly, then, the Rev. J. Neville Figgis, M.A., the Rector of Marnhull, and formerly Birkbeck Lecturer on Ecclesiastical History at Cambridge, lately issued his lectures in a book entitled, *From Gerson to Grotius*, and thus made manifest that he too had run upon a shoal already buoyed by the wrecks of many historical reputations. More plainly, Mr. Figgis fell into the familiar error of attributing immoral principles to the Society on the alleged ground that the Constitutions contemplate the case of a subject being compelled to sin by command of his Superior. Now mark. Our historian did not pause to consider whether it was credible that a Society, founded ostensibly to promote the glory of God, would embody such a monstrous doctrine in its public Constitutions, or that the trained theologians who scrutinized those Constitutions before their approval could not detect, or would not condemn, such a doctrine, or, finally, that in the many generations of members of the Order, not all, presumably, men of perverted and hardened conscience, no one would be found to denounce and repudiate it. No, he saw how it agreed with his preconceived notion of Jesuitry, and not only admitted it without question to his pages, but when a misinterpretation was hinted at by his reviewer,¹ he triumphantly cited the peccant passage as a conclusive vindication of his views. What a position for a Cambridge Professor and an Anglican Rector to find himself in! For ignorance of ecclesiastical Latinity was not the worst fault of this ecclesiastical historian, nor want of familiarity with the literature of his subject, but rather a readiness to believe even manifest

¹ The *Tablet*, November 23, 1907.

absurdities, provided they gratified prejudice. We hasten to add that the Rev. Mr. Figgis has since¹ honestly admitted his mistake, and we may presume that he feels, though he has not expressed, regret for the gross and groundless charge he brought against a body of fellow-Christians. We fear that he is not in the habit of reading *THE MONTH*: otherwise he would have found in our issue for August, 1905, a full history of the *Obligatio ad peccatum* question, and, we may add, in that of last September, an account of the doctrine of Probabilism, as traditionally understood by those who hold and practise it.

J. K.

Corporate Reunion.

America is the home of the A.P.A., the most virulent perhaps of those Associations whose whole *raison-d'être* is hostility to Rome, but, by way of compensation, we find also in the States the most thorough-going of those bodies within the Anglican Church that have for object reunion with the Holy See. This is the Society of the Atonement, which publishes a little monthly journal called *The Lamp*, devoted to the advocacy of its principles. We advise all who are interested not only in the union of Christendom, but also in the strange divergencies of thought within the Anglican Church, to procure and study this periodical.² The January issue gives an interesting sketch of the progress of the Society from its institution on October 28, 1900, when it apparently consisted of an Anglican religious community at Graymoor (Garrison, N.Y.), to the present day, when the movement is represented by a Pro-Roman Party in America, and has taken a new lease of life in England in the formation of the Society of St. Thomas of Canterbury. The rest of the contents breathes a thoroughly Catholic spirit, and chronicles the Catholic news of the Church at large: there are also a set of "Anglo-Roman maxims," taken apparently from the writings of the party, which set forth their standpoint. Amongst these we find:

The English people were robbed of their faith by force and fraud, you see; they never deliberately renounced it.

¹ See *The Tablet*, January 25.

² It is sold for sixpence in England by the Boswell Printing and Publishing Company, Ltd., 91, Temple Chambers, E.C.

After all, union with Rome was our normal condition for one thousand years, and we desire to recover it.

Surely we accept the first four General Councils, and surely they plainly sanction the Primacy *de jure divino*.

The Papal Supremacy and Infallibility are the necessary consequence of the Primacy *de jure divino*. They stand or fall together.

Our contention is that Rome cannot change her dogmatic position without self-destruction, but that the Anglican Church can return to her pre-Reformation acceptance of Papal Supremacy without ceasing to be *Ecclesia Anglicana*.

If the question is asked why people who hold such views remain where they are and do not "return" as individuals, the answer may perhaps be found in the following "maxim":

The question of Anglican Orders belongs to the domain of discipline and not of infallibility; therefore, when the right time comes, the Holy See will be able to remove the barrier which now intervenes.

The title of one of the "Church Unity" tracts—*We Cannot Deny our Orders*—points also to the nature of the obstacle to reunion, and moreover, we venture to say, to a certain confusion of thought amongst these zealous men. If God has appointed a centre of unity to which all Christians must adhere on pain of schism, the first duty of those who realize that they are in schism is surely to return, and not to lay down preliminary conditions. Will it avail at the Judgment Seat, when asked, "Why, knowing communion with the See of Peter to be My will in regard to all Christians, did you not submit?" to reply, "Because Rome would not recognize my Orders"? However, to each man his conscience. How tardily the light of conviction breaks even on the most sincere and powerful minds may be realized in reading that pathetic letter of Newman's quoted by Father Wright on pages 179, 180, of our present issue. Meanwhile, *The Lamp*, and the society it represents, are doing God's work, and we gladly bear witness to the truth of their aim, and the Christian spirit in which they pursue it.

J. K.

Reviews.

I.—PRAGMATISM.¹

THERE are many at the present time who call themselves Pragmatists, but they are only approximately at one in the sense in which they understand the term. Professor William James can, however, justly claim to be the Apostle of the Method, and if we wish to have it in its undiluted form, fresh from the fountain-head, we can conveniently refer to his book bearing this very title, *Pragmatism*, which has recently appeared. We say "conveniently." Whether those who refer to it will come away with clear notions may be doubted, but at least they will have the satisfaction of knowing what so high an authority has to say about it.

There are two conflicting tendencies of philosophical thought, according to Professor James, which have hitherto divided mankind, the Rationalistic and the Empiric, the former surveying the universe from the standpoint of abstract principles, and convinced that all is completely ordered and perfect, the latter surveying it from the standpoint of hard, crude facts, and equally convinced that there is much in it which is very ill-ordered and defective. What determines men to range themselves under one or other of these conflicting banners is their temperament, which, if tender-minded, will incline them to rationalism, if tough-minded, will incline them to Empiricism; and whilst the Rationalist (who goes by principles) is apt to be "intellectualistic, idealistic, optimistic, religious, free-willist, monistic, dogmatical," the Empiricist who goes by facts is apt to be "sensationalistic, materialistic, irreligious, fatalistic, pluralistic, sceptical." These, however, are extreme positions, and others, finding themselves thus confronted by "an empirical philosophy that is not religious enough," and "a religious philosophy that is not empirical enough," cannot refrain from asking themselves can we not, without inconsistency, find some intermediary position; for after all we want facts, we want science, and we want religion. It is here that, according to its Apostle, Pragmatism comes in,

¹ Pragmatism: A New Name for Some Old Ways of Thinking. Popular Lectures on Philosophy by William James. London: Longmans, Green, and Co. Pp. xiii. 309. Price 4s. 6d. net. 1907.

being a method (Professor James disavows for it the name of "system") which "can remain religious like the rationalisms, but at the same time can preserve the richest intimacy with the facts."

The pragmatic method is primarily a method of settling metaphysical disputes that otherwise might be interminable. Is the world one or many?—fated or free?—material or spiritual?—here are notions either of which may or may not hold good of the world; and disputes over such notions are unending. The pragmatic method in such cases is to try to interpret each notion by tracing its respective practical consequences. What difference could it practically make to anyone if this notion rather than that notion were true? If no practical difference whatever can be traced, then the alternatives mean practically the same thing, and all dispute is idle. Whenever a dispute is serious we ought to be able to show some practical difference that must follow from one side or the other's being right.

In his third chapter, of which the title is, "Some Metaphysical Problems pragmatically considered," Professor James enables us to appreciate better what are the bearings of this intermediary system. The problems to which he applies it are those of Substance, of Materialism, of Design, of Free Will. Let us see him apply it to the problem of Materialism. Is this universe the mere product of the action of blind physical forces acting according to their own laws on the elements of which it is composed, or is there a God who presides over these processes, and guides them providentially towards definite ends? This is a question sharply debated between the spiritualist and the empiricist, but the pragmatist confines himself to asking "what practical difference can it make *now* that the world should be run by matter or by spirit." If, he reflects, the universe were to end at this very moment and to have no future, and, if we may assume that theist and materialist are equally successful in explaining the past facts, then both theories have shown all their consequences, and these are found to be identical. "The pragmatist must consequently say that the two theories, in spite of their different sounding names, mean exactly the same thing, and that the dispute is purely verbal." It is strange that the author does not see that in arguing thus he is begging the whole question. If, he says, we may assume that the two rival theories are equally successful in explaining all the past facts—yes, but that is a big "if," for the whole question is which of the two theories is successful, and alone successful, in explaining the past facts. But let us see how he goes on. The universe has not come to an end, but gives promise

of enduring for some time at all events, and hence the pragmatist is able to apply his particular test, and ask what difference of practical consequence will it make to me whether I elect for the materialist or theistic theory. And, on this basis, he elects—at least Professor James does, apparently—for Theism against Materialism, because “the future end of every cosmically evolved thing or system of things is foretold by science to be death-tragedy,” whereas, “the notion of God, however inferior it may be in clearness to those mathematical notions so current in mechanical philosophy, has at least this practical superiority over them, that it guarantees an ideal order that shall be permanently preserved.”

The plain man might be prone to think that this difference of practical consequence makes the theistic theory much the most desirable, but, of itself alone, goes no way towards proving that it and not the other is true in fact. The mariner, considering the state of his vessel, and of the skies, may put himself the question shall I weather the storm or not, but would not think of answering “Yes,” merely because that was the most hopeful answer. Professor James would tell us, no doubt, that he only means that Theism is true to that extent, and that our final judgment on the validity of the system must be determined by the fulness with which it is able to harmonize with other similarly grounded truths.

I myself [he says] believe that the evidence for God lies primarily in inner personal experiences. When they have once given you your God, His name at least means the benefit of the (moral) holiday [by which term he means the respite from solicitude about the course of events which a man can occasionally allow himself by reflecting that the course of events is in the hands of God]. You remember what I said yesterday about the way in which truths clash and try to “down” each other. The truth of “God” has to run the gauntlet of our other truths. It is on trial by them and they on trial by it. Our *final* opinion about God can be settled only after all the truths have straightened themselves out altogether. Let us hope that they shall find a *modus vivendi*.

It is strange thus to hear of “truths” clashing. That theories can clash, and, according as they come victorious or not out of the clash, vindicate or not their right to be accounted truths—this we all understand. But when a writer speaks of “truths” clashing, we become conscious that his idea of a truth differs essentially from that in general acceptance. And so it is as may be seen by his bizarre chapters on “Pragmatism’s Conception

of Truth," and on Mr. Schiller's "Humanism" (another name for Pragmatism). But we cannot dwell on that now, and must be content to ask, in reference to these other truths which enter into the clash and strive to "down" one another, are they also established, or, as the author would say "made" truths, by leading to practical consequences of a hopeful kind? This is a question on which the book before us appears to be inconsistent. At times it appears to be answered in the affirmative. At other times we are told that truths are established by a process of verification, verifiable ideas being those which agree with reality in the sense of "leading us through the acts and other ideas which they instigate, into or up to, or towards, other parts of experience with which we feel all the while—such feeling being among our potentialities—that the original ideas remain in agreement." This seems to bring us back nearer to the ordinary conception of truth, except that it involves a confusion between the truths themselves and the mode by which we ascertain them. Except, too, that it treats as essential to the ascertaining of truth what is not invariably so—for to verify is to test the correctness of one chain of reasoning by comparison with the result of another and independent chain of reasoning, to which the same subject-matter is amenable. And this is not always possible, nor indispensable in cases in which a single chain of reasoning is sufficient to beget certitude. But apart from these two exceptions, one cannot but have a suspicion that the author's conception of truth remains altogether different from the ordinary one. Else why all this parade of an opposition theory, and why this insistence in many passages on the *agreeable* character of the agreements which by verifying truth constitute it. In what sense is this word "agreeable" used, in its accustomed sense, or in one corresponding with the noun "agreement"? Or is it to be taken in both senses at once, and if so what is the relation between them?

2.—THE PRINCE OF THE APOSTLES.¹

In *The Prince of the Apostles* the Rev. Spencer Jones, in co-operation with an American colleague, pursues his campaign on behalf of Reunion. Apparently the little volume is intended

¹ *The Prince of the Apostles: A Study.* By the Rev. Paul James Francis, S.A., and the Rev. Spencer Jones. The Lamp Publishing Company, New York. Pp. xx. 223. Price \$1. 25.

primarily for American Reunionists, and at all events three-quarters of the matter is contributed by the American author. The two are, however, in complete sympathy, and the book reads as if by one hand. In the Preface Mr. Spencer Jones explains and justifies his movement on the lines we are familiar with. The division of Christians into separate and conflicting communions is a scandal, and one which is the source of infinite evils. It must then be the will of God that we should strive untiringly for its removal. Still, this cannot be effected without changes of some kind, and what are these to be? They must be such as, if Reunion is to be corporate, are consonant with the nature of both or all the reuniting communions, and, since history shows that Rome cannot change in doctrine but can in discipline, while on the other hand England has changed, and so can change, in doctrine, England must be prepared for changes in doctrine, and Rome, for the sake of gaining back so noble a heritage, will be willing to make some concessions in discipline—certain points of Roman discipline being in Mr. Spencer Jones's judgment those which chiefly repel the English people from communion with her. These points of discipline he takes to be the celibacy of the clergy, communion in one kind, and the use of Latin in the liturgical services. Perhaps he does not realize the difficulty that Rome would feel in granting even these three points, notwithstanding the precedent of the Uniat Churches in the East. That, however, is a matter which need not be approached at the present stage, nor is it approached in the volume before us. The immediate object of *The Prince of the Apostles*, as of the previous works brought out by Mr. Spencer Jones, or under his auspices, is to lay before readers of his own communion facts and arguments which, if carefully and impartially weighed, may lead others to see that, in accepting the doctrines from which Rome cannot recede, they will not be required to do more than accept conclusions to which the whole force of Christian evidences impels. The particular doctrine which the present volume deals with in this way is the doctrine of St. Peter's Primacy, its divine origin, and its essential attributes of universal jurisdiction and infallible teaching. The facts and arguments are just those which are wont to be urged in Catholic works, but they are admirably set forth by these two authors, and are more likely to obtain the desired hearing whilst coming from writers on the Anglican side. Surely this is a movement which

deserves all our sympathy, and, so far as it is possible and invited, all our co-operation. In giving such sympathy and co-operation, we need not fear having to sacrifice one jot of principle, whilst, by uniting with our friends outside in such a friendly intercourse on a subject dear to each, we are already narrowing the breach which divides us, and are ministering to the extinction of those prejudices and misunderstandings which constitute so powerful a factor in maintaining separations. Nor need we hesitate because the reunion to which the projectors of the movement look forward is Corporate Reunion. If a satisfactory corporate reunion could be realized, so much the better. If not, then the felt need of reunion and the growing desire for reunion, nourished, too, by a deeper penetration into the causes of division, cannot, under God's providence, but lead to reunion under such conditions as are feasible.

3—CARDINAL NEWMAN AND THE ENCYCLICAL.¹

Since the suggestion was first made that the "Modernism" condemned by the Encyclical was Newman's system, a good deal of material bearing on the subject has been brought together. And the vindication of the Cardinal, if indeed he needed vindicating, has been so effectual that those who made the charge have felt the necessity of tacitly withdrawing it, though under the cover of one essentially different which they have now substituted for it. Originally it was said that the Pope, in condemning Modernism, was condemning Newman, and perhaps was doing so intentionally. Now it is said that Newman did not himself teach this system, and indeed would have been horrified at the thought of its being held by Catholics; but that the principles which he laid down are such as, when consistently applied, lead up to it. Obviously that is quite a different matter, and even if conceded, would leave the Cardinal's doctrinal reputation untouched by the late Encyclical. The point, however, is one which we must pass over here, our present purpose being to call attention to the Bishop of Limerick's Essay, in which he examines the chief points of alleged identity between the two contrasted systems.

One wishes that the illustrious essayist had seen his way

¹ Cardinal Newman and the Encyclical *Pascendi Dominici gregis*. An Essay by the Most Rev. Edward Thomas O'Dwyer, Bishop of Limerick. London: Longmans, Green, and Co. Pp. ix. 44. Price 1s. net. 1908.

to modify one or two somewhat personal expressions, for which, however, he courteously compensates towards the end when he says, "Of them personally I do not wish to entertain, much less express one unkind thought; He that sees their hearts, with larger, other eyes than ours, will, we may hope, make allowance for the special difficulties and temptations by which they are beset." But in other respects his essay will be a solid aid towards the understanding of this new movement which, after burrowing under ground for a decade or so, has been suddenly exposed to the view of many. In the Preface we have a concise criticism of the newspapers, which corrects the perverse accounts of the Encyclical that have so misled the English people, and explains its true significance, even for those outside the Catholic Church who believe in revealed religion, and in the simple truth of the Bible story. But the essay itself is entirely devoted to the comparison between Newman's teaching as contained in his writings and the Modernist teaching as described in the Encyclical. There is nothing subtle in this study which, we venture to say, fully proves its point, and the Bishop has also called attention to a matter which is too often forgotten by those who think that Newman rejected all arguments for the existence of God save that from the inner testimony of conscience. That in other places Newman accepts and employs the usual arguments from causality and from design, the Bishop shows by citing the passages. But in the *Grammar of Assent* his direct object was to show how we can arrive at what he calls a *real*, and not a merely *notional*, assent to the truth of the Divine Existence and attributes. The argument from the testimony of conscience has, he rightly considered, a special value for inducing this real assent, and it was for that reason he preferred it to the rest, whilst admitting them all.

When [says Newman] the proposition (that there is one Personal and Present God) is apprehended for the purposes of truth, analysis, comprehension, and the like intellectual exercises, it is used as the expression of a notion; when for the purpose of devotion it is the image of a reality. Theology properly and directly deals with notional apprehension, religion with imagination.

And to borrow Bishop O'Dwyer's abstract of the Cardinal's argument from conscience:

(In the testimony of conscience) the human mind not only discriminates right from wrong, as the eye discriminates between

different colours, but together with the difference, recognizes the further note of authority. Whence comes its sanction? These things point to the Author of the moral law as its ultimate source and its true sanction. That would be the theological argument. It is parallel to the argument from causation, or rather it is a part of it. As the material universe leads the human intellect to seek and find a First Cause which is adequate to account for the facts, so the moral universe which exists in the consciences of men points to something above and beyond itself, which the intellect pronounces to be the One Personal God.

(But) in this (latter) process of ratiocination, the intellect presents God to the mind in a way on which the imagination can fasten and work, for it points to Him as a Person supremely good, who approves what is right and condemns what is wrong, and thus the mind is led to recognize an external Master in the dictates of conscience, and to image the thought of Him in the definite impressions which conscience makes.

4.—THE ELIZABETHAN RELIGIOUS SETTLEMENT.¹

We welcome Father Birt's history of the Religious Settlement under Queen Elizabeth with very great pleasure. Wherever one opens the book one sees the signs of the true historian, great industry, good method, original research, sound judgment. So far as English Catholic history is concerned this is certainly the book of the year.

Not long ago the early years of Elizabeth's reign were but little known to Catholics, but their importance is ever becoming more evident. The great controversies about Anglican Orders, and whether England embraced Protestantism freely or under compulsion, have drawn scholars, both Catholic and Protestant, to look more and more closely into the records of those days. We have not yet heard, and we shall not, for many a year to come, hear the last of these events. Many, very many, of the difficulties of our day date back to them, and cannot be appreciated or solved without some grasp of the facts whence they arise.

The writings of Fathers Bridgett and Phillips, and the labours of Canon Estcourt and his successors, who have solved so satisfactorily the problems connected with Anglican Orders, have excited our curiosity on the further question of the acceptance by Englishmen of the religion which was "settled" for them by the Crown. It has been Father Birt's happy task

¹ By Henry Norbert Birt, O.S.B. Bell. Pp. 595. Price 15s. 1907.

to face this problem, to go through practically all the materials which are available for constructing the history of the epoch, and the result is this handsome volume, a credit to the engraver and printer as well as to the author. No one who wishes to write with authority on the period will be able to neglect him, and Catholics will feel a special debt of gratitude to him, in so far that Mr. Gee's history of the same period, written from an Anglican point of view, carried heavier guns (which, however, generally fired wide) in the shape of learned apparatus, than any Catholic volume in the field against it. Father Birt has both scholarship and judgment on his side, as well as a moderation which enables him to win victories without fighting battles.

Of course he may be, and will be attacked. It is impossible to occupy so advanced a position, without making some mistakes in details, and showing some weak points. We have noted a few such blemishes; perhaps the most assailable are the generalizations, or the want of generalizations, drawn from the facts narrated. To what exact extent does Father Birt differ from Mr. Gee? This and such like questions are not very clearly answered. It would be difficult to do so, of course. When the English Catholics were all acting separately, as individuals, broad but accurate conclusions about them as a body are not easy to arrive at. Still more might have been done. *Fas est et ab hoste doceri.* One of the most serviceable weapons of the writers whom Father Birt is opposing, is the coining of easily remembered generalizations.

On the other hand may we not say that our author attempts to cover rather too broad a field? He has little new to tell us about Elizabeth's accession or the Northern Rising, and yet his omissions here are not inconsiderable. What about the coronation oath, the missions of Parpaglia and of the Abbot of San Solutore, the Council of Trent, the Vatican Papers? All these are most important for the grasp of the history as a whole, and yet are passed, quite unnoticed, or barely mentioned.

It would, however, be irrational to make much of these deficiencies, when we are welcoming such notable accessions to our previous knowledge. Amongst smaller gains, a very welcome one is the portrait of Archbishop Heath, which had escaped Father Phillips. We lay down this volume with the sincere hope that Father Birt will soon have ready for us something not less excellent in the same kind.

5.—NUNBURNHOLME: ITS HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES.¹

The author compares this painstaking history of his own parish to a "syke," or beck, issuing from the wold above him, and giving its narrowly contained waters to larger streams beyond his view. The comparison is a suggestive one, and certainly if parishes in general would contribute their several quotas in like manner, the stream of our history would soon brim bank-full.

Mr. Morris has done his work methodically, and has not left much to be desired in the way of information concerning the little district whose history he has undertaken. After an introductory chapter dealing with its geology and antiquities, both prehistoric, Roman and post-Roman, he speaks in succession of the Manor, the Church and Benefice, the Rectors (of whom a list is given from the thirteenth century), Parish Registers, the Nunnery, Field Names, the Dialect, Elizabethan Nunburnholme, Agricultural Notes, Families, Birds and Flowers. There are also various Appendices.

Such a bill of fare must of necessity appeal principally to local interest, its value lying chiefly in a mass of details which only those who know the place can rightly appreciate. There are, however, as usual in such cases, some items discoverable which have a wider significance.

Though a portion of the parish church clearly dates from Norman times, and it contains a "low-side" window and other noticeable features, still more ancient and interesting are the remains of a pre-Norman cross, now standing in the churchyard, which were discovered built into the south porch when the church was restored in 1873. They are pronounced to be of the Viking period, between A.D. 900 and 1,000, are elaborately and curiously carved, and are well illustrated from photographs. Of still greater interest is the history of Richard Hawcliffe, rector of Nunburnholme, who, when the priory within the parish was suppressed, in 1536, disapproving of what had been done, with the assistance of certain others, expelled the new owner, William Hungate, who had purchased the property from the King, and reinstated the ejected Prioress.

¹ By Rev. M. C. F. Morris, B.C.L., M.A., Rector of Nunburnholme, Yorkshire. London: Henry Frowde. York: John Sampson. Pp. vi, 312. Price, 12s. 6d. net. 1907.

This under Henry VIII.! But although Hungate promptly preferred a bill of complaint, reciting his grievances, not only do the Rector and his abettors appear to have kept their heads on their shoulders, but he retained his incumbency for at least eight years after, till 1544. Such a fact might well seem incredible.

6.—THE INDEX LEGISLATION.¹

The term, "Present Index Legislation," in the title of Dr. Hurley's little volume, might suggest that it is a commentary on the third part of the recent Encyclical on Modernism. But it was written, though not actually published, before this Encyclical appeared, and refers to the system brought in by the *Officiorum et Munerum* promulgated by Leo XIII. in 1897. Indeed, the recent Encyclical, though it contains some stringent provisions for the restriction of dangerous reading, is not precisely and directly of the character of "Index Legislation." The *Officiorum et Munerum* modified and mitigated so materially the system previously in force as to put altogether out of date the commentaries on that previous system. Of commentaries based on the new system, several have appeared since 1895, but if we except one written by a Protestant, which is necessarily of small value, Dr. Hurley's seems to be the first in the English language. In an Introduction, he gives the history of the Catholic practice of prohibiting the reading of bad books, and shows how early, or rather primitive, is its origin. Then, after a section or two on the causes that led up to Leo XIII.'s legislation, and a brief account of its general character, he gives a detailed comment on the meaning of each of its provisions, and discusses the questions, if any, to which it has given rise. The treatment is clear and temperate throughout, and is worthy of the attention of laity as well as clergy.

It is well for Catholics to reflect on the reasonableness of the rules at enforcing which all Index legislation aims. How few people are capable of judging rationally and solidly the arguments brought against Catholicism, and how unreasonable in consequence is the reproach which yet so easily terrifies the many

¹ Commentary on the Present Index Legislation. By the Rev. T. Hurley, D.D., with a Preface by the Most Rev. Dr. Clancy, Bishop of Elphin. Dublin: Browne and Nolan. Price, 3s. 6d. net. 1908.

—the reproach, we mean, which suggests that the only reason there can be for prohibition, is that the authorities wish to hide from their people things they know are true, though inconsistent with our Faith. If those who are sufficiently educated can be trusted to read these hostile works with profit because they can form a competent judgment of their contents, these can obtain the needful permission. The rest will do best to recognize, as a little humility will enable them to do, how much more likely they are to be kept in the truth, if they confine themselves to what they can understand, which is really all the Church expects of them. And what is said about books against faith is equally and still more obviously true of books against morals. How many evil passions are aroused and souls lost by the habit of reading freely a certain class of novels, written—it is not too much to say—expressly to cause that evil.

7.—THE JESUITS IN NORTH AMERICA.¹

Though it is barely a year since we reviewed the first volume of Father Hughes's *History of the Society of Jesus in North America*, we have already before us another volume, written and printed on the same large scale as its predecessor. It contains the documents referred to in Vol. i. All that we praised before, scholarship and industry, research, method, and erudition, we praise again. They are certainly well above the average. As the documents are selected to explain Father Hughes's narrative, their order, choice, and presentment have naturally been modified to suit that end. But the historical enthusiast will of course reverse the process and read the documents, using the first volume as notes. He will find the first half of this volume, which contains the historical narratives and letters, most enjoyable. The second half, mainly about property, less so. The last sections, the controversies and law-suits with Archbishop Marechal, are interesting indeed, but rather saddening. Clerical combats about *meum et tuum* must needs be so, whatever the merits of the case. Anyway, we cannot but congratulate Father Hughes on his good sense in publishing the documents.

¹ *History of the Society of Jesus in North America.* By Thomas Hughes, S.J. Documents, Vol. i. Part 1. London: Longmans, Green and Co. 600 pp. cr. 8vo. 2 maps. 21s. 1908.

8.—ST. CATHERINE OF SIENA.¹

It may be accounted almost as a *reductio ad absurdum* of the modern fashion of issuing piping-hot reviews within twenty-four hours of the publication of any important book, no matter what its size or its subject, that one or two of the early notices of Mr. Edmund Gardner's *St. Catherine of Siena* not only described it as a Romanist work of piety the tendency of which was distressingly apologetic and ultramontane, but also insinuated that the author was imperfectly acquainted with the manuscript materials available for a study of the Saint's letters. It would be hard to say which of these two criticisms is the more preposterous. Whatever other faults the biographer may have been guilty of, he cannot certainly be accused of attempting to attenuate the misdeeds of either ecclesiastics in general or of the Popes in particular. That some of Mr. Gardner's fellow-Catholics might perhaps find the Life rather painful reading owing to the writer's frankness we can very well understand. Let us hasten to explain that we do not mean that Mr. Gardner anywhere degenerates into coarseness or prurience. On the contrary the tone of the book is always elevated and worthy of its subject. But if what we read here is accounted special pleading on behalf of the Papacy, then the mediæval Popes might well pray to be delivered from their friends. To say the truth it is in this matter more than any other that we feel disposed to take exception to the writer's point of view. It is not that we would recommend a policy of suppression. Nothing is to be gained in a scholarly book like the present, which is addressed to cultured and intelligent readers, by locking up skeletons in cupboards. But there are certain canons which Mr. Gardner seems to accept as first principles which we should like to see justified or at least clearly formulated. Was it always and necessarily a grievous crime for a Pope or other ruler to attempt to subject one of the free Italian cities to his own despotic authority? Was the use which these cities made of their freedom so conspicuously admirable that no one but a monster or a tyrant could think of trying to restrain or coerce the popular leaders? A calm

¹ St. Catherine of Siena. A Study of the Religion, Literature, and History of the Fourteenth Century in Italy. By Edmund G. Gardner. London: Dent. Pp. xx, 438. Price, 16s. net. 1907.

review of Italian history during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries seems to us to offer much food for reflection on the value of democratic institutions. Corruption and self-seeking may have been rife among the clergy, but were they any less rife among the laity? And whereas among the latter they were taken almost for granted, in the case of the former public opinion even at the worst of times acted not ineffectually as a check upon extreme excesses. We do not blame Mr. Gardner for chronicling the evil things which were said of Popes and eminent ecclesiastics, but on the other hand we think that he might sometimes have given his readers a better idea of the nature of the evidence upon which these charges rest. No atmosphere is more prejudiced and credulous than that created by a democratic party in subjection, and the fact that many members of it are honest enthusiasts only intensifies the readiness to believe all evil of all men in power. For example, we notice that Mr. Gardner is tremendously severe upon the Papal Legate, Gerard du Puy, who was Abbot of Marmoutier, and afterwards Cardinal. He is "the infamous Abbot of Marmoutier," "this detestable monk," "one of the worst of rapacious wolves in sheep's clothing," &c. As to the precise nature of the enormities committed by this Papal official, who, if he was a scoundrel, seems to have imposed alike upon St. Bridget of Sweden and St. Catherine of Siena, with both of whom he had direct, if not intimate, relations, we are told very little except what occurs in the following passage.

The Abbot [says Mr. Gardner], supported by Hawkwood's mercenaries, was governing Perugia with the most detestable tyranny. To secure his hold upon the turbulent city, he was building two great fortresses, connected by a large covered way supported by arches, over which troops could pass to and fro. He ground down the people with taxes, excluded all the citizens, high and low, from his counsels, and ruled the province with corrupt notaries and foreign captains. He connived at the most outrageous licence of his officials, in which a nephew of his own was the worst offender, and to the protests of the injured parties returned an answer disgusting in its brutal cynicism.

Mr. Gardner may be right. We are sure that he, from his very democratic standpoint, believes that he has full justification for what he states, but after carefully looking up the full text of the four authorities to which he refers in a footnote, we have found nothing that might not be said, and would not almost

infallibly be said, of any strong-handed governor who fearlessly set about the task of suppressing sedition. Had the Papal Legate in Perugia been, not Gerard du Puy, but a man like Sixtus V., we believe he would have acted in a similar way, and have incurred much the same popular odium, accompanied with equally scandalous stories of nepotism and cruelty. Again, we repeat, we may be wrong in our impression, but we think we have a right to ask for more satisfactory proofs than those which are given us. Nothing seems to be alleged against Gerard's own morals; the "brutal cynicism" story rests upon the evidence of one very prejudiced chronicler; while Pellini, the first authority appealed to by Mr. Gardner, declared, after the examination of many documents not now available, that it was not Gerard du Puy, but his predecessor, the enlightened Cardinal of Bourges, who was responsible for the building of the fortresses. That something of bias must have entered with Mr. Gardner's appreciation of this Abbot of Marmoutier would appear even from the manner in which a number of quite colourless allusions to his name are grouped together in the Index under the heading, "oppression and treachery."

We have dwelt much longer than we intended upon this point, and we have left ourselves little space to speak of the many really admirable qualities in which this new Life of St. Catherine abounds. In the first place, as regards her own writings, it is far and away the most critical and scholarly book upon the subject which has yet appeared, either in England or abroad. Mr. Gardner, who has spent several years upon the task of examining and collating the MSS. of St. Catherine's letters, points out how imperfectly the text has hitherto been edited, and adds six entirely new epistles to the collection. We sincerely hope that a half-promise which the author makes to undertake a critical edition of the whole correspondence may ere long be realized. Again, it must not be inferred from our criticism of Mr. Gardner's attitude towards the temporal rule of the Papacy that he is in any way out of sympathy with the subject of his biography. So far as we have seen, the volume does justice even to the more mystical side of the Saint's character, and the many marvellous incidents of her life are dealt with in a tone which we think will give offence to no one. Then undoubtedly Mr. Gardner possesses, what no previous English biographer of St. Catherine has possessed, an extraordinarily minute knowledge of Italian history in the *trecento*. His account of

the beginning of the schism, based upon an evidently careful study of Gayet and Valois, as well as of original documents, is extraordinarily interesting, even though Catholic readers may find it painful and not always quite convincing. Still, some such detailed presentment was absolutely necessary to enable the student to see St. Catherine's participation in these events in its proper setting. Altogether, Mr. Gardner has produced a really great and important book, and we can only wish that the appreciation it may meet with among Catholic readers may bear some sort of proportion to the labour which has been spent upon it. A word of praise should be added for the illustrations, which, while not too numerous, are extremely well chosen and good of their kind.

9.—THE PRIEST'S STUDIES.¹

No volume of the Westminster Library which has yet been issued or announced can be considered to carry out more fully the main idea of the collection as a "series for priests and students," than the book now under notice. Dr. T. B. Scannell has a wide range of knowledge in all departments of professional study, as is attested by his editorship of that most valuable and successful book, *The Catholic Dictionary*. No more suitable contributor could have been found for a volume which is, practically speaking, a general introduction to the rest of the series. One would have been prepared to find in a book of this kind that while certain chapters evidently testified to intimate personal acquaintance with and interest in the subjects treated, others had not less plainly been got up for the occasion, and were destitute of that life-like quality which catches the reader's attention, and convinces him that he is in the hands of a reliable guide. We can say without hesitation that, after reading the present volume completely through, we have hardly anywhere found a page which does not ring true, and bear in some sense the hall-mark of personal experience. The tone of the book is moderate, both in its realization of the change which has come over the spirit of the times, and also in its consciousness of the limitations and the difficulties which the priest's apostolic work

¹ *The Priest's Studies.* By T. B. Scannell, D.D., Editor of "*The Catholic Dictionary*." London: Longmans, Green, and Co. Crown 8vo. Pp. xii. 240. Price 3s. 6d. net. 1908.

imposes upon his hours of study. In the suggestions which he offers, Dr. Scannell is consequently thoroughly practical. No impossible ideals are set up, no violent denunciations are indulged in of those whose own tastes may not concur with his own. In nearly all departments there is a good bibliography of books specially recommended, and many useful hints are given which will help the student to turn his reading to better profit.

Coming now to the construction of the volume, we find it divided into twelve chapters. The first is introductory. It discusses the scope of the book, the position and needs of the ordinary missionary priest in these countries, and it ends with some excellent suggestions about method and the taking of notes. The second chapter treats of Holy Scripture and points out very clearly alike the importance and the difficulty of this branch of study. As an example of the practical tone which pervades the book throughout, we might quote from the concluding portion of the Scripture chapter such a passage as the following :

We have already noted that one of the chief obstacles to study is the want of some definite purpose or subject. Our sermons will sometimes supply this ; but often, at least for Sunday evenings and week-days, we have to find subjects for our sermons. I venture to suggest that we shall find in our Breviary both the subject and the purpose for definite Bible study. Every day we have to read three short lessons taken from the Old Testament or the New Testament. As a rule the books are read continuously, but for various reasons they cannot be read throughout. If the priest would take these lessons for his daily study, he would acquire a sound knowledge of Scripture, and he could at the same time give fresh interest to the recitation of the Divine Office.

Chapter the third deals with the Fathers, and the chapter following with Dogmatic Theology. Both these abound with sensible comments, and will find favour, we venture to say, with every intelligent priest who looks back to his seminary days and recalls what he has done and what he has omitted to do. And very much the same remark may be made regarding Chapter V., on Moral Theology and Canon Law, except that in this matter a priest always possesses a certain stimulus in the diocesan conferences and cases. Next follows a section on Ascetical Theology, where much use is made of a suggested course of ascetical reading drawn up many years ago by Father Faber.

The subject of liturgy also naturally furnishes abundant matter for a separate division. We may perhaps be allowed to express a regret that Dr. Scannell has not put more clearly the difference between the mere rubrician and the liturgist in their respective attitude towards the ceremonies of the Church. There is, of course, or ought to be, a fundamental nexus between the two, but it is a point which many ignore. Two excellent chapters which are among the most interesting in the volume are devoted to Church History and Secular History. We are glad to see that Dr. Scannell fully recognizes the utility of many pursuits which are not directly professional. He even shows that novel reading and newspapers may have their legitimate use. Still more, therefore, does he commend the subjects of Art, Science, and Literature, to which the last three chapters are devoted. In conclusion, we congratulate Dr. Scannell heartily on the admirable judgment he has displayed in the composition of this practical volume.

Short Notices.

THE first-fruits of the campaign recently inaugurated by the Catholic Truth Society against rationalistic literature have appeared in the shape of the re-publication, for the price of 6d., of Father Gerard's **The Old Riddle and the Newest Answer** (Longmans, Green, and Co.). The sight of a plea such as this for sober and logical thinking, exposed amidst the wild farrago of error and falsehood on our bookstalls, will be as welcome as it is unwonted. Let us hope that the apostles of unreason and irreligion in the realms of cheap literature will no longer have their own way, and that the victory of Truth may not be left entirely dependent on its own inherent strength. If men can be found to subsidize literature which aims at upsetting the very foundations of reason and morality, surely the children of the Church will not allow so laudable a movement as this volume represents to fail or grow slack for want of funds. Father Gerard's book is an answer to those writers, of whom Professor Haeckel is the chief, who propound a materialistic explanation of the universe. It will be found invaluable by those who have to deal with minds, cowed by the arrogant pretensions of the pseudo-scientists to an unreasoning acceptance of their theories. It is well and attractively printed, and, considering the bulk and quality of its contents, is a marvel of cheapness.

The December number of the **Seven Hills Magazine**, a production of the Irish College, Rome, contains the most carefully arranged edition of the Encyclical **Pascendi** that we have yet seen. The other articles are all

interesting, but the "Roman Diary" stops abruptly at June 4th. We find no information about the number of yearly issues contemplated.

Florence and Northern Tuscany with Genoa (Methuen, 1907, 6s.), by Edward Hutton, is written by one who loves his Tuscany with a passionate love and whose mind is saturated with her romantic history. The globe-trotter, whose good fortune it is to visit Florence or Genoa, would find in this volume, with its admirable pictures in colour and monotone, agreeable relief from the precision and prosiness of his "Murray" or "Baedeker."

At a time when certain misguided writers are trying to represent Newman as a rebel against the restrictions of ecclesiastical dogmatism, the re-publication by Messrs. Longmans, Green, and Co. of the great Cardinal's **Meditations and Devotions** comes very opportunely. In this edition, these are arranged in three booklets, tastefully bound and printed, each 1s. net, and entitled respectively, *The Month of May*, *Stations of the Cross*, *Meditations on Christian Doctrine*. They are redolent throughout of the most humble and tender piety, firmly based on the loyalest adherence to all the great dogmas of the faith, and may give, perhaps, a better insight into the author's real mind and spirit than his more formal and elaborate treatises.

If we are, remorsefully, late in noticing a book—**The Miracles of Our Lady Saint Mary**, by Evelyn Underhill—published over two years ago (Heinemann, 7s. 6d. net.), we are consoled by the thought that we may be recalling attention to a collection of Mary-legends of great beauty and interest in themselves, and admirably rendered into quaint and poetical English. The selection is made from many medieval sources, and though the author is not a Catholic, she shows a thorough understanding of the Catholic attitude towards God's Mother, only making the mistake of imagining that that spirit disappeared with the Middle Ages, whereas it is still alive, although manifesting itself in less picturesque fashion, in the Church.

Homage of another sort, but equally genuine, to the Mother of God is presented in **Our Lady's Book of Days**, compiled by the Hon. Alison Stourton (Washbourne, 1s. 6d.). This consists in a selection of passages, one for each day in the year, both in prose and verse, taken from the literature of all Christian ages and translated when necessary into English. Their common subject is our Lady's praise, and they combine to make a most melodious chorus in honour of the first and fairest of creatures. We notice only one little slip, viz., the ascription of a poem (October 30th) to the Rev. John Gray, S.J. The Society has not the honour of numbering the poet-priest of Edinburgh amongst its members.

The same devout client of Mary has more recently issued another selection of tributes to her Patron, taken this time exclusively from the poets: (**Regina Poetarum**, selected and arranged by the Hon. Alison Stourton: Washbourne, 3s. 6d. net.) In spite of the many Marian anthologies already in the field, Miss Stourton has managed to bring together, from many sources, much fresh matter of high excellence, which she has arranged in the order of the events of our Lady's life. Of the fifty poets who are represented by one or more contributions, nearly all write in English, and very many are modern, some eighteen being still alive. Amongst those departed, it is interesting to see represented James Collinson, the pre-Raphaelite painter, one of whose poems is taken from the *Germ*, and Father Gerard Hopkins, S.J., who has now attained posthumous fame in many anthologies. In the list of

the living, Gilbert K. Chesterton finds a place, and, stranger still, Henri Rochefort, whilst the whole collection is prefaced by a magnificent passage from Lecky's *History of Rationalism*, in testimony to the untold good wrought in Christendom by devotion to the Blessed Virgin. The book is exquisitely got up, reminding one by its appearance of another Mary-book, *Mariale Novum*, with which we trust many of our readers are acquainted.

In the same connection should be mentioned an older book, not less dainty in its way, *viz.*, **The Madonna of the Poets** (Burns and Oates, 2s. 6d. net.), an anthology compiled by Anita Bartle (now Mrs. Brackenbury). The net in this case has been cast very wide, and includes poems translated from several languages, and of every age. The volume is enriched by five charming reproductions of Madonnas by celebrated artists.

One poet who appears in all three of the above compilations—the Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O.M.I.—has published separately his own praises of our Lady—**Virgo Praedicanda** (Washbourne, 1s., cloth)—the second edition of which is before us. Piety and poetic talent here combine to help to fulfil the great prophecy of the *Magnificat*.

Catholic students of the Gospels and Acts for examination purposes are no longer under the necessity of using non-Catholic manuals which, however admirable in arrangement, cannot be trusted in matters of exegesis. No less than three Catholic series of annotated Gospels are now extant or in progress. That published by Messrs. Burns and Oates is complete; last month we noticed *St. Mark* in the St. Edmund's College series (Catholic Truth Society), and now we have to commend to our readers *St. Matthew*, in two volumes, by Madame Cecilia (Kegan Paul and Co., vol. i., 2s. 6d. net, vol. ii., 2s.). It is on a more elaborate scale than the others, and has the advantage of providing the Vulgate text as well as the Douay version. As far as we have tested them, the notes seem clear and adequate, and there is constant reference to the Greek text to explain difficulties. The volumes are provided with a great variety of useful synopses.

A. C. Kur, the author of *Alice in ? Land* (Sands and Co., 6d.), is evidently a seeker who has found—the Pearl of Great Price. We may congratulate him on that fact, but we cannot altogether commend his presentment of the process of search as a travesty of the immortal *Alice*. Truth, according to Horace, may well be clothed in the garb of humour, but, unless the humour is very good of its kind, its imperfection may damage the cause of truth. Frankly, we do not think the author of this pamphlet has succeeded. His travesty is likely to offend the lovers of *Alice*, whilst it will be very far from conciliating or converting the various non-Catholic sects whose vagaries are made sport of. The fact that there is abundant cleverness in the skit does little to mitigate this impression.

The Columbus Press of New York sends us a book of pious meditations on the Passion, **Jesus Crucified**, by the Rev. Walter Elliott, Paulist (Price, \$1.00). The style is unpretentious but the thoughts are suggestive, the method being simply that of narrative and comment. The volume should be acceptable for the coming Lent.

In September last we noticed the fourth volume (or the second, according to the translator's enumeration) of the collected works of Thomas à Kempis, Canon Regular of the Congregation of Windesheim. The fifth volume of the series, **Sermons to the Novices Regular** (Kegan Paul and Co., 5s. net.) is now before us, translated, as was the previous one, by Dom Vincent Scully from Dr. Pohl's classic edition. There are thirty discourses in all, concerned

each with some point of religious and monastic perfection, and they fully bear out the author's reputation as a devout and skilful director of souls. This edition is well-bound and printed, and very comely in appearance.

M. l'Abbé Ponsard's collection of Conferences—**La Croissance Religieuse et les Exigences de la Vie Contemporaine** (Paris: Beauchesne et Cie., pp. xxi. 272, price 3 francs) is modestly styled a "work of popularization," an endeavour to make clear and definite the trend of modern thought with a view to reconciling with religious belief all therein that is capable of such adjustment, and, by consequence, to show the invalidity of the rest. The preacher has read very widely, and his expositions, though covering a large ground, are marked by great force and clearness.

A similar series of discourses by the Abbé Th. Delmont, "Professeur aux Facultés Catholiques de Lyon," has for title, **L'Eglise connue et l'Eglise vengée** (Paris: Lethielleux, 2 fr. 50), and is devoted to setting forth a clear idea of the Church, in herself and in relation to the State, and defending her against the various accusations that the infidel French Government and its partisans bring against her. *L'Eglise connue* is admirably done, *L'Eglise vengée*, no less forcible and clear, suffers in part from defects inevitable in pulpit polemics, where the historian is often merged in the orator, and nice qualifications tend rather to confuse than enlighten. The Abbé, for instance, cites Lord Acton ("*un Anglais et un protestant*"—the mistake is natural enough) as a witness to the freedom of the Roman Court from complicity in the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, whereas the whole tendency of that historian's essay is to try to show that the Pope was accessory, at least, after the deed.

Those who make a regular practice of mental prayer will be attracted by the title of a little book, which an anonymous translator has rendered into English from the French of Père Crasset, S.J. It is called **A Key to Meditation** (Washbourne, price 1s. 6d), and it contains explanations of the various methods of mental prayer, based on the *Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius*. It is not derogatory to the merit of these explanations, and of the instructions for souls in difficulties that follow, to say that there is only one real Key to Meditation, and that is an earnest and persevering goodwill. Presupposing that, this little book will undoubtedly be helpful.

The Postal Literary Alliance, a corporation "founded for the purpose of making known through the Press, and distributing by means of the Post, certain examples of the lighter literature of the day," has not been happy in the selection of its title, which suggests a confederation of employés of the G.P.O. However, to judge by the two booklets sent us—**Tasso's Later Work**, and **Yesterdays** (each 1s. net, paper)—both by Henry Cloriston, it seems to be doing good work by introducing unknown authors of merit to the public. Mr. Cloriston's work is mainly in verse, original and translated, and shows a fair amount of poetic faculty. He is a student of Tasso, and in an interesting essay he points out how deeply Milton and Spenser were indebted to the great Italian poet.

Some recent C.T.S. penny pamphlets are worthy of notice. Dr. Alexander Mooney has an easy task in showing, in **Some Economic Criticisms of Socialism**, how many and how formidable are the practical obstacles in the way of realizing the whole social ideal. His distinction between Socialism, the system or creed, and Social Reform, which is the aim of all good and intelligent men, is a useful and timely one. **The Rise of the Christian School**, by James B. Milburn, comes opportunely to help to clear thinking

on the recurrent education question. There is much that is interesting and edifying in the *Life of Father Bertrand Wilberforce, O.P.* "M.N." reprints from our own pages two chapters of his *Pilgrim of Eternity: the Story of a Unitarian Minister*. We trust the whole series of these thoughtful and stimulating essays will eventually appear in book form.

The Historical Atlas of India, a series of twenty-six maps, with descriptive historical letterpress, edited by Father Charles Joppen, S.J. (Longmans, 3s. net), is an exceedingly interesting work. It gives a bird's-eye view of the chequered career of the Indian peninsula from the days of Alexander onwards, and shows that, long before a tinge of British red appeared on the Indian map, the land was the seat of empire after empire dissolving again and again into independent States. India is still a little-known country, or continent, to the voter that may have to decide its destinies, but Father Joppen's atlas gives him a ready way of removing the reproach of ignorance. It would be better for school purposes if map and explanatory letterpress could be brought into immediate conjunction.

We had no time to review in our last issue *The Catholic Directory for 1908* (Burns and Oates, 1s. 6d. net), but, we trust, there is little need in any case to call attention to so useful and meritorious a production. It is surely one which ought to be in every Catholic household, for it contains information indispensable to various classes of the community, to parents, in regard to the education of their children, to travellers, in regard to facilities for hearing Mass, &c., and to all who have dealings with the clergy in England and Scotland. A similar publication of even longer standing, intended especially for Catholics north of the Tweed,—*The Catholic Directory for Scotland, 1908*—is published by Messrs. Sands and Co. for 1s. net, and merits equal regard with the former. We hope that the Editor may see his way in future issues to insert a diocesan map of Scotland after the model or that published in the English *Directory*.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

Beauchesne et Cie, Paris:

LA CROYANCE RELIGIEUSE ET LES EXIGENCES DE LA VIE CONTEMPORAINE. Par M. l'Abbé Ph. Ponsard. Pp. xxi, 272. Price, 3 fr.

Browne and Nolan, Dublin:

COMMENTARY ON THE PRESENT INDEX LEGISLATION: By the Rev. T. Hurley, D.D. Pp. xx, 252. Price, 3s. 6d. net.

George Bell and Sons, London:

THE ELIZABETHAN RELIGIOUS SETTLEMENT: By Dom H. Birt, O.S.B. Pp. xiii, 595. Price, 15s.

Burns and Oates, Ltd., London:

THE MADONNA OF THE POETS: Compiled by Anita Bartle. Pp. 126. Price, 2s. 6d. net. 1906. FOR MY NAME'S SAKE: Translated from the French by L. M. LEGGATT. Pp. 229. Price, 3s. 6d. 1908. THE SHORT STORIES OF CANON SHEEHAN. Pp. 167. Price, 1s. net.

Catholic Truth Society, London :

VARIOUS PENNY PAMPHLETS.

The Columbus Press, New York :

JESUS CRUCIFIED : By the Rev. Walter Elliott, Paulist. Pp. 373. Price, \$1. 1906.

Heinemann, London :

THE MIRACLES OF OUR LADY SAINT MARY : Brought out of divers tongues and newly set forth in English : By Evelyn Underhill. Pp. xxviii, 308. Price, 7s. 6d. net. 1905.

The Lamp Publishing Company, Garrison, New York :

THE PRINCE OF THE APOSTLES : A STUDY : By the Rev. P. J. Francis, S.A., and the Rev. Spencer Jones, M.A. Pp. xx, 223. Price \$1. 25.

Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, and Co., London :

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. MATTHEW. 2 vols. : By Madame Cecilia. Pp. 501, 293. Price 2s. 6d. and 2s. net : in one, 4s. net. SERMONS TO THE NOVICES REGULAR BY THOMAS A KEMPIS : Translated by Dom Vincent Scully, C.R.L. Pp. 254. Price 5s. net. 1907.

Lethielleux, Paris :

L'EGLISE CONNUE, L'EGLISE VENGEE : CONFERENCES AUX HOMMES : Par le Chanoine Th. Delmont. Pp. vi, 244. Price, 2 fr. 50. 1907. LES DEMOCRATES CHRETIENS ET LE MODERNISME : Histoire Documentaire par l'Abbé E. Barbier. Pp. 424. Price, 3 fr. 50. 1908.

*Longmans, Green, and Co., London :*THE OLD RIDDLE AND THE NEWEST ANSWER : By the Rev. J. Gerard, S.J. Fifth (6d.) Edition. Pp. xi, 121. THE HISTORY OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS IN NORTH AMERICA, COLONIAL AND FEDERAL : By the Rev. Thomas Hughes, S.J. *Documents*, Vol. I, Part I, Nos. 1-140. Pp. xvi, 600. Price, 21s. net. MEDITATIONS AND DEVOTIONS : By Cardinal Newman. Part I. The Month of May. Pp. 123. Part II. Stations of the Cross. Pp. 87. Part III. Christian Doctrine. Pp. 134. Each, 1s. net. 1908. THE PRIEST'S STUDIES : By Rev. T. B. Scannell, D.D. Pp. 240. Price 3s. 6d. net. 1908. CARDINAL NEWMAN AND THE ENCYCLICAL "PASCENDI DOMINICI GREGIS : " An Essay. By the Most Rev. Edward Thomas O'Dwyer, Bishop of Limerick. Pp. ix, 44. Price, 1s. net. 1908. PRAGMATISM : A New Name for Some Old Ways of Thinking : Popular Lectures on Philosophy. By William James. 4s. 6d. net. HISTORICAL ATLAS OF INDIA : By Charles Joppen, S.J. Pp. 16 + 26 plates. Price, 3s. net. 1907.*Sands and Co., London and Edinburgh :*

THE CATHOLIC DIRECTORY FOR THE CLERGY AND LAITY IN SCOTLAND, 1908. Pp. 375. Price 1s. net. ALICE IN ? LAND : By A. C. Kur. Pp. 102. Price 6d. 1907.

R. and T. Washbourne, Ltd., London :

A KEY TO MEDITATION : Translated from the French of Père Crasset, S.J. Pp. vii, 163. Price, 1s. 6d. VIRGO PRAEDICANDA : Verses by Rev. J. Fitzpatrick, O.M.I. Second edition. Pp. viii, 47. Price, 1s. OUR LADY'S BOOK OF DAYS. Compiled by the Hon. Alison Stourton. Pp. 174. Price, 1s. 6d. 1906.

SOME FOREIGN REVIEWS.

Summary of Contents.

I.

Revue des Questions Historiques (1908). No. I.

- J. de Guibert.*—The date of the Martyrdom of SS. Carpus, Papyrus, and Agathonice.
P. Allard.—The Early Life of Sidonius Apollinaris.
G. Rodocanachi.—The Castle of S. Angelo (1526-27).
J. de la Servière.—The Political Ideas of Cardinal Bellarmine.
E. Vacandard.—The Apostles' Creed (Burn). Reviews, &c.

II.

Zeitschrift für K. Theologie (1908). No. I.

- The "Motu Proprio" of Nov. 18, 1907.
J. Stüßler.—Pope Calixtus' Edict of Indulgence.
F. Schmid.—The Church and the Sacraments.
C. A. Kneller.—The Last Article of the late Professor Funk.
J. Müller.—Pius X.'s Condemnation of Modernism. Reviews, &c.

III.

Revue Bénédictine (1908). No. I.

- G. Morin.*—The "Dicta" of Heriger on the Blessed Eucharist.
U. Berlière.—Stray Documents of the Papal Chancery in the Fourteenth Century.
R. Ancl.—The Vatican under Paul IV.
P. de Meester.—The Theology of the Orthodox Church.
D. de Bruyne.—Priscillianist Monks.
G. Morin.—An Unpublished Commentary on the Psalms.
U. Berlière.—Monastic Customs of the Eighth and Ninth Century. Reviews, &c.

IV.

Rassegna Gregoriana (Nov.-Dec. 1907).

- K. Ott.*—Ambrosian Hymnody.
V. Delaporte.—The Hymns of the Roman Breviary between 1568-1632.

G. Vale.—Is the Benediction "in fine Missae" of the Roman Pontifical an importation from the Mozarabic rite?

L. R.—The Centenary of St. John Chrysostom. Reviews, &c.

V.

Revue des Sciences Philosophiques et Théologiques (1908). No. I.

- R. Garrigou-Lagrange.*—Intellectualism and Liberty in St. Thomas.
T. Heitz.—Philosophy and Faith in the Disciples of Abelard.
A. Gardeil.—The idea of a *locus theologicus*.
A. Cauchie.—The Assemblies of the French Clergy before the Revolution. Reviews, &c.

VI.

Der Katholik (January, which appears in a new cover, and printed upon thicker paper).

What we Propose?

Dr. Esser.—Pope Calixtus' Edict of Indulgence.

A. Homscheid.—The Internal and External criteria of Christianity.

J. Schmidt.—Adrian VI. and Clement VII.

A. Bellesheim.—Cardinal Newman and the Modernists. Reviews, &c.

VII.

Stimmen aus Maria-Laach (1908). No. I.

H. J. Cladder.—The Encyclical *Pascendi* and Modernism.

I. Beissel.—Modern Art in Catholic Churches.

V. Cathrein.—Catholicism and Kindness to Animals.

H. Krose.—The Religious Census in Germany of 1905.

J. Bessmer.—God's Word.

A. Baumgartner.—The Devotional Poems of A. Manzoni. Reviews, &c.

